

IMAGES

Pictures of 1988



DECEMBER 26, 1988

\$2.00

TIME

About Face

WHY ARAFAT said the magic words

HOW THE U.S. changed course

WHAT NEXT in the Middle East



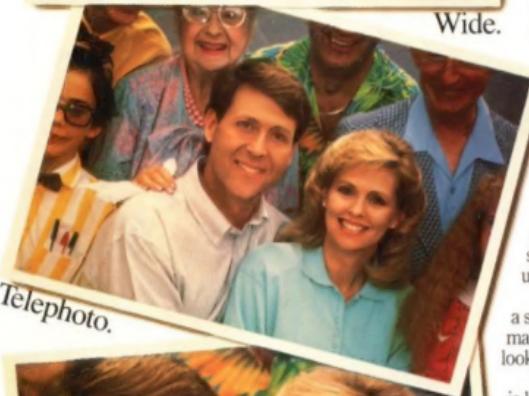
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9 724404

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	1988 Buick Option Prices*	1989 Buick Option Package Price	Option Package Bonus Values**	Cash Back†	Total Values	Your Price††
Skylark Custom Sedan SE	\$2,682	\$1,482	\$1,200	\$300	\$1,500	\$12,297
Century Custom Sedan SE	\$2,915	\$1,915	\$1,000	\$500	\$1,500	\$13,844
Regal Custom Coupe SD	\$1,508	\$ 908	\$ 600	\$400	\$1,000	\$14,722
LeSabre Custom Sedan SE	\$2,343	\$1,843	\$ 500	\$400	\$ 900	\$16,773
Electra Limited Sedan SD	\$1,962	\$1,562	\$ 400	\$500	\$ 900	\$19,587



Skylark Custom Sedan



Century Custom Sedan



Electra Limited Sedan

Up to \$1,200 option package bonus. And \$300 cash back on Skylark. A total value of up to \$1,500.

In addition to standard features like power steering and brakes, fuel-injected 2.5-litre Tech IV engine, automatic transmission and DynaRide suspension, a Skylark Custom Sedan equipped with the SE Option Package includes air conditioning, tilt steering column, cruise control, AM-FM stereo with cassette, wire wheelcovers, and more... A \$2,682 value, for \$1,482, priced to give you an option package bonus value of \$1,200, compared to 1988 Buick options purchased separately.

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See your dealer for terms and conditions of the limited warranty.



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In addition to standard features like air conditioning, power windows, tilt steering column, 3800 engine, 6-way power driver's seat and DynaRide with 4-wheel independent suspension, an Electra Limited Sedan equipped with the SD Option Package offers cruise control, AM-FM stereo with cassette, rear-window defogger. And more. A \$1,962 value, for \$1,562, priced to give you an option package bonus value of \$400, compared to 1988 Buick options purchased separately.

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*Option prices when purchased separately.

**Based upon comparison with prices for options purchased separately during 1988.

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COVER: Arafat finally speaks the words, and Washington responds

After the P.L.O. leader accepts Israel and rejects terrorism, the U.S. makes a first momentous contact. But will the dialogue raise expectations that cannot be fulfilled? ▶ How Shultz and Arafat inched toward each other under pressure from European allies, moderate Arabs, the Soviet Union—and George Bush.

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WORLD: Gorbachev feels the political aftershocks

In Armenia the search for victims goes on as foreign aid pours into the Soviet Union. ▶ TIME Moscow bureau chief John Kohan, after a harrowing flight aboard the first U.S. relief plane to reach the stricken region, meets Armenians who are more suspicious than ever of the Kremlin. ▶ Negotiators reach a historic agreement aimed at independence in Namibia and peace in Angola.

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BUSINESS: Jet builders are zooming

As global passenger volume grows, airlines will need hundreds of new aircraft. Result: Boeing, Airbus and McDonnell Douglas have booked a record \$43 billion in orders this year.

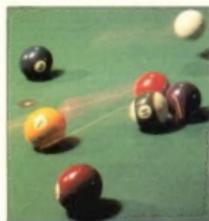
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INTERVIEW: William Crowe on the Soviets

The Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff sees promise in Gorbachev's military reductions, muses on being a soldier without a war, and talks about running the Pentagon.

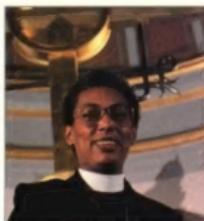
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LIVING: Pool goes upscale, uptown and uppity

After decades behind the eight ball, pocket billiards is finally back in style, and from Boston to Dallas yuppies are leading the way to the tables and plush new halls.

79



RELIGION: Anglicans split over first woman bishop

As Boston-bound Barbara Harris nears formal endorsement for the hierarchy, a worldwide crisis is brewing.

- A Cardinal revives the debate over condoms and AIDS.

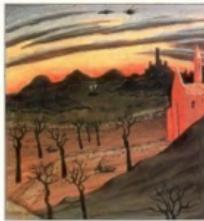
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BEHAVIOR: Gone to the mall; be back later

Retailers love them, but compulsive shoppers don't love themselves. They voraciously fill up closets and shelves but wind up feeling empty inside.

82



ART: An escape to the glory of Renaissance Siena

The new exhibit of 15th century narrative painting at the Metropolitan Museum of Art is a connoisseur's delight and a welcome respite from the brutish realities of modern life.

84

Strike it enriched!

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From the Publisher

And TIME's Man of the Year for 1988 is . . .

Sorry about that, but you will have to wait until next week's issue to read all about our choice for the newsmaker who most dominated events over the past twelve months. But, thanks to Cable News Network, you can find out *who* it is before next Monday.

On Dec. 24 at 4:30 p.m. EST, the news will be broken, when the Atlanta-based network airs *CNN Presents the TIME Man of the Year*, with anchor Mary Anne Loughlin and correspondent Mark Walton as co-hosts. The 30-minute program, produced in association with TIME, will explain how the selection was made and offer an in-depth profile. "It was a unique challenge to translate something that is essentially a print story into a visual and dynamic television presentation," says David McGowan, TIME's special-projects director, who assisted CNN's effort. "CNN's life was not made any easier by the fact that it had to operate on such short notice."

CNN executive producer Stacy Jolna and his eight-person team began shooting in early December, shortly after TIME made its pick. "To us, TIME's choice of Man of the



You can find out who the
CNN Man of the Year is
before next week

Year is a compelling news story in its own right," says Jolna. "By the end of the first week, we had knocked off a dozen interviews and had begun amassing file footage that would help tell the story of the Man of the Year visually." Altogether, CNN shot 40 hours of videotape and planned to be editing the program right up to airtime.

To keep TIME's choice under tight wraps, we swore Jolna and the members of his unit to secrecy. They quietly came and went from an unmarked office two floors above the bustling CNN newsroom that was cryptically known around the network as Edie Booth X. "Occasionally, CNN colleagues not involved with the program would ask me to whisper who it was," Jolna says, smiling. "I would mutter that it was a sports figure, or something like that, and they would walk away scratching their heads."

The scratching can stop when the program airs this Saturday, a video curtain raiser to the full show between our covers, which will be in your hands a few days afterward.

Robert L. Miller



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Spain. Western Europe's last frontier.

Next week's issue of TIME will carry the second in a landmark series of special advertising sections on Spain, sponsored by Telefónica.

The nine separate special sections which comprise this fascinating series will be published in TIME over the next three years, and will cover Spanish industry, technology, finance, culture, and more.

Be sure to pick up the January 2, 1989 issue for the second section in this series, Renewing Spanish Industry.

It's a unique and in-depth look at a part of Europe that is certain to surprise you.



TIME

Olympic star Greg Louganis. This young man has become the paradigm of dedication, courage and, yes, patriotism.

Aram E. Philibosian
Walsenburg, Colo.

Jesse Jackson

Nancy Aspetarian
Los Angeles

South Africa's Nelson Mandela.

Joseph Williams
New York City

Problem of the Year: drugs, drugs and more drugs

Lawrence E. Miller
Livingston, N.J.

Keeping Arafat Out

I am disappointed that George Shultz prevented Yasser Arafat from speaking at the United Nations [NATION, Dec. 5]. The U.N. was meant to be a forum for all types of political ideas. If the U.S. and Israel can control what may be heard in this international body, there will be no peace in the Middle East. Maybe the U.N. should be moved to a neutral country.

Stephanie Sohel
Rochester Hills, Mich.

Perhaps the people of the U.S. now realize that their interests are not those of the U.N. Secretary Shultz should ask this organization to relocate to Switzerland and leave us to govern our own country.

William J. Litz III
Auburn, Ala.

Arafat was refused entry to our country because he "knows of, condones and lends support" to acts of terrorism. All this from an Administration that sold arms to a terrorist nation, Iran.

John Lonero
Tryon, N.C.

Does the U.S. really think a solution to the Palestinian issue can be found without the P.L.O.?

Dirk Lenaerts
Tienen, Belgium

Shultz's Stand

Reaction to Secretary of State George Shultz's decision to keep P.L.O. chief Yasser Arafat from addressing the United Nations in New York City was strongly negative. Thirty-seven readers criticized Shultz, while eleven supported his move.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, or may be faxed to TIME at (212) 522-0907. They should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.

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Critics' Choice



MOVIES

MY STEPMOTHER IS AN ALIEN.

KIM BASINGER is an unlikely E. T. and **Dan Aykroyd** the earthling who humanizes her in a clever fable—sweet and light enough for the kids, sexy and suspenseful enough for mature adults.

WORKING GIRL. Pert secretary **Melanie Griffith** climbs the corporate ladder, dislodging career gal **Sigourney Weaver** and claiming hunky **Harrison Ford** in Mike Nichols' suave tale about getting it all on your own sweet terms.

TWINS. Danny DeVito, Arnold Schwarzenegger, Twins! Fortunately, this comedy boasts more than tall-guy, short-guy jokes. It has an easy warmth that never sllops over into sentiment.

MISSISSIPPI BURNING. As G-men investigating racially motivated murders, **Gene Hackman** and **Willem Dafoe** become caught up in the civil rights movement. Director **Alan Parker** powerfully evokes a time and place.



THEATER

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE. John Reed, doyen of the D'Oyly Carte and leading Gilbertian, delights in an off-

Broadway stint as Major General Stanley.

THE SEARCH FOR SIGNS OF INTELLIGENT LIFE IN THE UNIVERSE. Lily Tomlin's solo sketches, a 1985 Broadway hit, are still poignant and, if anything, funnier. In Detroit through Dec. 24, and on tour through March.

OUR TOWN. For its 50th birthday, Thornton Wilder's nostalgic masterpiece gets the gift of a robust, funny and faithful Broadway production.

MR. CINDERS. Goodspeed Opera House in East Haddam, Conn., which revives musicals from the heyday of tuneful fluff, has a charmer in this gender reversal of Cinderella.



DICTIONARY OF THE KHAZARS: A LEXICON NOVEL by Milorad Pavic (Knopf; \$19.95). A wacky, totally fabricated reference book, translated from the original Serbo-Croatian, about a people who vanished eight or so centuries ago. Sheer oddity contributes to the eerie entertainment.

DEAR MILI by Wilhelm Grimm (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; \$16.95). A newly discovered Grimm fairy tale relates a stark saga of childhood and the death of innocence, amplified by Maurice Sendak's floating visages and romantic palette.

PRIVATE VIEW: INSIDE BAR-YSHNIKOV'S AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE by John Fraser (Bantam; \$30). One

season (1986-87) in the life of a great dance company. The text, and the grainy photographs by Eve Arnold, exude with candor.



RT

RICHARD ARTSCHWAGER, Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles. Formica and Celotex are among the odd materials employed by this enigmatic but important American painter and sculptor. Through Jan. 29.

THE ART OF PAOLO VERONESE: 1528-1588, National Gallery of Art, Washington. To see Veronese's glowingly colored, exquisitely textured works is to glimpse the splendor of Venice's Golden Age. Through Feb. 20.

COURBET RECONSIDERED, Brooklyn Museum, New York City. Vast landscapes, lavish nudes and masterly portraits in an ambitious retrospective of paintings by the 19th century realist. Through Jan. 16.



TELEVISION

MOONLIGHTING (ABC, Dec. 27, 9 p.m. EST). How it all began for TV's battling romantic

duo: Maddie and David meet cute in a rerun of the series' 1985 pilot.

THE WAY WE WEAR (PBS, Dec. 26, 8 p.m. on most stations). Clothes make the man—and the society. At least, so argues a *Smithsonian World* special, examining clothes through the ages.



MUSIC

HANDEL: MESSIAH (Archiv). O thou that tellst good tidings: Handel's hardy perennial gets a definitive performance from Trevor Pinnock and the English Concert & Choir. Hallelujah!

THE TRAVELING WILBURYS, VOL. 1 (Wilbury Records). They look and sound a lot like George Harrison, Bob Dylan and other famous folks. Could it possibly be? The mystery is thin, but the sounds are joyous, making this the good-time record of the year.

SCHUBERT: SYMPHONY NO. 9 (Virgin). Charles Mackerras leads the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment in the aptly nicknamed "Great" C Major Symphony, on original instruments.

STAY AWAKE (A&M). This collection of tunes from Disney films is a bundle of surprises. Suzanne Vega spooks her way through a Mary Poppins ditty. Tom Waits does a mine-shaft version of *Heigh Ho*. Ringo Starr and Herb Alpert loft *When You Wish Upon a Star*: beguiling enough to be more than novelty.

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American Scene

Fremont, Calif.

Hands Across The Workplace

California autoworkers learn new ways—and teach some

BY MARGUERITE MICHAELS

"What we're looking for is good *kaizens*."

"Watch that muda."

"We have to nemawashi this."

Those are American autoworkers talking about building a car. You know, blue collars with tattoos on their forearms



all the time," says United Auto Workers committeeman Ed Valdez. "The product was going down the line with no one paying any attention to it. Ship it! Ship it!" they said. "Today, working for New United Motor Manufacturing, Inc., a joint venture formed by GM and Toyota in 1983, the same workers are producing almost defect-free Chevrolets and Toyotas with a higher efficiency rating than any GM plant.



At the NUMMI annual picnic, employees have a few beers and nemawashi

The Americans are working better, and the Japanese are enjoying life more

and nicknames like "Animal." They talk like that because they work for the Japanese, who now have more companies in America making cars than America does.

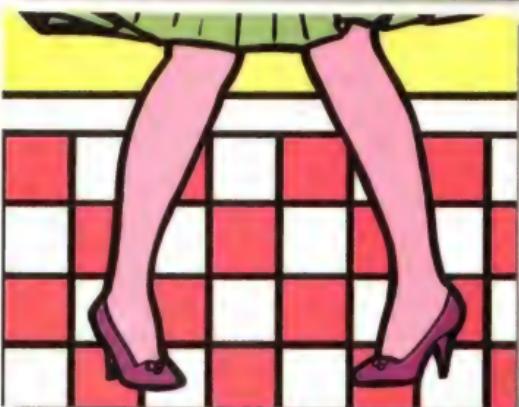
What they're saying is, let's discuss (*nemawashi*) how to keep making improvements (*kaizens*) and avoid waste (*muda*). And that's what they're doing. This is not how they talked—or worked—when GM ran this factory six years ago.

At the time General Motors closed its plant in Fremont, Calif., in 1982, the factory had one of the worst labor-relations records in the country. "We were fighting with GM

The difference is that two very dissimilar cultures have come together—and sometimes have not come together—to produce what has been hailed as "a new kind of workplace." Back in the early 80s, Toyota's president said the company would never operate a U.S. plant organized by the U.A.W. For their part, more than a few U.A.W. people said they'd never work for "the Japs." Five years later, the effect the two cultures have had on each other can be summed up in one sentence: the Americans are working better, and the Japanese are enjoying life more.



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—Sharon Ambrico, AT&T Sales Supervisor

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You know what's funny, though? If I do a really good job for my customers, I'll lose them. They'll get too big to qualify as a small business and I'll grow them right out of my branch.

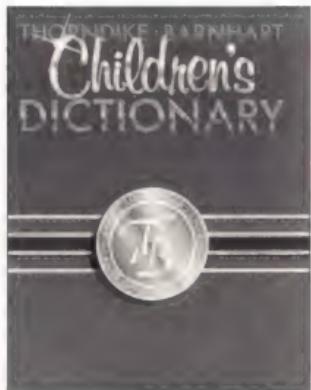
That's the only way I can stomach losing a customer."

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American Scene

Toyota's task within the joint venture was to implant its efficient, low-cost production system in GM's Fremont factory. GM is represented by 17 management-level employees at NUMMI, while Toyota has 36, including the president and executive vice president. One of the first things the Japanese did was eliminate executive perks such as reserved parking places and a separate cafeteria. Then they turned the top-down style of American management—the tradition of the industrial engineer as the first and last word on how a car is made—on its head. As NUMMI president Kan Higashi says, "The person who does the job knows it best."

The envied Japanese production system is based not just on high-tech robotics but also on sweetspeak: An employee is a "team member." A foreman is a "group leader." Teams in the plant consist of six to eight team members who rotate jobs, with each team headed by an hourly team leader. Three to five teams are led by a salaried group leader. They are to work together in an atmosphere of "mutual trust."

"The main reason American industry has lost competitiveness," Higashi observes, "is because of distrust. I said to American management on this we must go down the stairs to the people. They won't come up to us."

Since NUMMI was established, every one of its 2,500 employees has had hundreds of hours of training. Nearly 500 of them were sent to Toyota City in Japan. They are not learning how to make cars. They are being taught how to work together more efficiently. More *kaizens*, less *muda*. "NUMMI is different," says assembly-line inspector Martha Gendel, "because the worker is being treated differently."

"U.A.W. workers are thirsty to be treated as intelligent," says former personnel coordinator "Nate" Furuta. But Furuta was discouraged at first—and American executives are still embarrassed—by the average lack of basic educational skills among U.A.W. workers, especially in the area of simple math.

While the NUMMI plant is considered better than some Japanese factories in Japan, it is still less efficient than Toyota City. The team leaders who were sent to Japan took one look at the "young wiry kids" working at 350 m.p.h. on the line and said, "No way."

"Japan was scary," says Ed Valdez.

"We work to live," says assembly-line worker Jackie Romero. "They live to work."

At NUMMI the Japanese do not come to work late and will stay past quitting time unquestioningly if there is a job left undone. But they have "loosened up," says assistant plant manager Jesse Wengard. "You can get them to break for a cup of coffee, and there's a lot of joking on



Food for thought for those who don't stop thinking at 11:00 p.m.

Life for business travellers can be tough. All too often, the day ends with a long flight and a late hotel arrival. And dinner, once again, gets postponed into oblivion.

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Casa Grande gives Christmas gifts all year long

Halfway between Phoenix and Tucson lies Casa Grande, Arizona (pop. 16,535), known for its prospering cotton farms and a recent surge in economic development. But cotton harvesting has become mechanized, and there aren't enough factory jobs to go around.

Like most people, Ruth Heywood was concerned when she saw people leaving the local unemployment office, hungry and depressed. What separates Ruth from most other people is that this 75-year-old retiree living on Social Security decided to do something about what had saddened her.

One Person Stirs A Community Into Action

In 1979, Ruth began feeding sandwiches to her hungry neighbors out of the backseat of her car. Soon friends and community-minded neighbors began helping Ruth organize Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners for the needy.

But that was just a start. Ruth and her volunteers saw that these people needed much more than a holiday meal to see them through the winter chill. Hot meals were needed for months at a time. Now each Christmas, this active neighborhood runs an "Adopt-A-Family" program to provide much needed supplies all year long to families that need help with the basics—food, shelter and clothing.

Reaching Out to Families Beyond Your Own

Everyone pitches in to make each Christmas one to remember. People running local schools prepare lists of their neediest children. Volunteer "caseworkers" then



Ruth Heywood receives an appreciative hug from five-year-old Daniel Blanco.

BOB GOURNICK

go into the homes of these families to find out what they really need. "I couldn't believe what I saw. One family had 13 children," said Ruth. "The kids were sleeping on the floor because there weren't enough beds. One home had no heat—and the children had no shoes."

Ruth managed to create greater resources. She got the attention of the local daily newspaper, *The Casa Grande Dispatch*. Managing Editor Jim Fickess is a fan of the program. "We publish a list of what's needed and the people of our community really respond," he says. Individuals and storekeepers donate food, appliances, furniture, clothing and toys. Community volunteers, like Bobby Mottle, deliver the gifts just in time for Christmas. "It really makes me feel warm inside to see the look on the faces of the kids and the tears in their parents' eyes when you come through the door. You really make their Christmas. Some people think it takes too much time away from other things. I do it because it makes me feel special."

Dr. Mehernaz Noshir Irani, a neighborhood resident and volunteer, has made it a tradition to adopt a family over the holidays. "We're doing so much for the rest of the world, but we forget that we have problems right on our own doorsteps," states Irani.

Warm Hearts in Winter

There's a cold spell in Casa Grande around Christmas time. But thanks to Ruth Heywood and her neighbors, some 100 families with more than 400 children have warm homes—and warm hearts. Says Heywood: "The people we help sense the love we feel. That's what Christmas is all about. Showing love for your brother."

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American Scene

the line." Furuta's successor, "T.J." Obara, thinks his compatriots have learned something from the Americans. "It is more cheerful here than in Japan," says he. "It's phenomenal." Executive vice president Osamu Kimura feels this is a valuable lesson. "Current way is not good one. We need more dynamic, creative society. So we tell our colleagues here from Toyota City to work hard and enjoy California. Almost all people enjoy suggestion."

Most of the Japanese at the plant operate in determined and effective, if imperfect English. And they get around. Kimura, when he has the chance, "goes around landscape" with his family a lot. The popular spots are Napa Valley, Monterey, Carmel, Arizona's Grand Canyon and Reno. But for the Japanese, nothing vies with golf. In California, with greens fees for 18 holes less than half what they are in Japan, and good golf equipment a fraction of the price there, everybody is playing the game.

NUMMI's influence on the lives of its people has been immense. NUMMI's influence on the auto industry has been more limited. It is not yet a profitable business, at least partly because of competitive tension between GM and Toyota at the corporate level. Although GM has sent thousands of visitors through NUMMI, the reactions to it "vary plant by plant," according to GM's highest-ranking executive at NUMMI. John Arte "GM is a big ship to turn around."

So is the U.A.W. for that matter, but Higashi's criticism is reserved for American management. "They have these big offices that they like to stay in. How can you make improvements if you are not watching people work? They understand this, but they don't want to change."

And Toyota, points out GM in quick rebuttal, is not as comfortable as it says it is with the U.A.W. because when Toyota opened its own U.S. plant late last year, it avoided the union by choosing a site in Kentucky. Says Furuta, who works in Kentucky: "We need a free hand to choose people. Fifteen percent of our team members here have college degrees. That was true of only 1% in California."

There is a lesson in NUMMI that not one American involved has failed to learn, and there is no sweet speak to it. "We have to regroup," says Wingard, "and come out fighting to regain our share of the market." Such a transformation, all agree, will take years to accomplish. In the meantime, says NUMMI vice president Bill Childs, there's an ironic parallel trend. "Look to the younger Japanese. They don't accept authority automatically any longer. They are more like us. They are our only hope."

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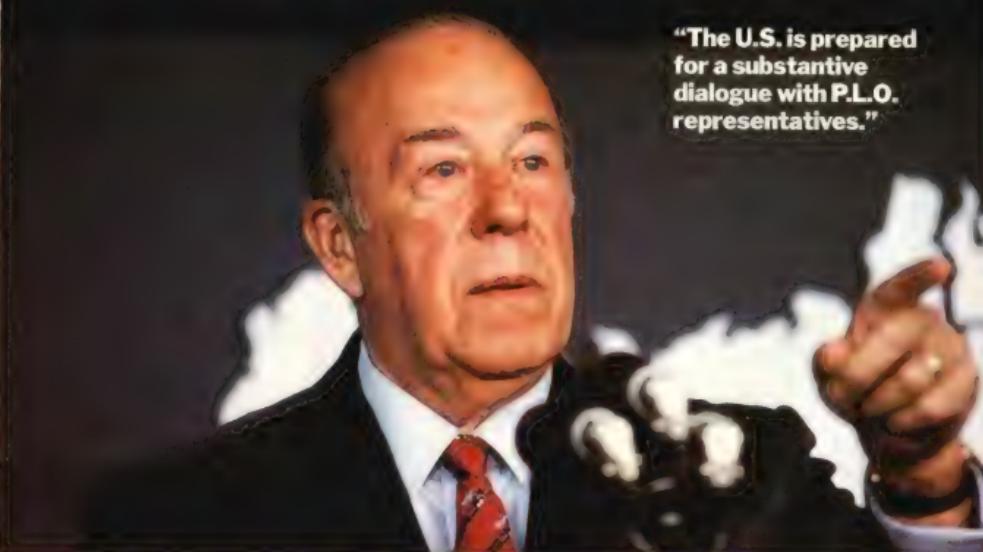
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"The U.S. is prepared for a substantive dialogue with P.L.O. representatives."



When Yasser Arafat got the language right, George Shultz honored the U.S. commitment to start a dialogue

Photo by AP Wirephoto

TIME/DECEMBER 26, 1988

● COVER STORIES

Breakthrough

After 13 years of silence, the U.S. agrees to talk with the P.L.O., angering Israel and profoundly altering the Middle East's diplomatic landscape

BY JOHANNA McGEARY

PLO A few simple words. Israel. Renounce. 242. Such is the flimsy coin of diplomacy. Yasser Arafat's decision to utter these particular words has shaken the Middle East puzzle and launched the stalemated parties on a perilous and by no means certain course toward peace. After weeks of waffling, the chairman of the Palestine Liberation Organization last week finally ended a crazily contorted semantic dance with what passed, for him, as plain speak-

ing. Yes, the P.L.O. recognized Israel's right to exist in peace and security. Yes, the P.L.O. accepted United Nations Resolutions 242 and 338 as the basis for negotiations to end the Arab-Israeli conflict. Yes, the P.L.O. renounced terrorism in all its forms. Period.

For 13 years the U.S. has been waiting to hear these exact words from the lips of the man the Palestinians have chosen as their leader and others have regarded as a murderous terrorist. Historians will argue whether Arafat actually said them on Nov. 15 in Algiers, when the Palestine

National Council declared an independent state, or on Dec. 7 in Stockholm, when the P.L.O. leader and a group of U.S. Jews issued a joint "clarifying" statement; or on Dec. 13, when Arafat delivered an impassioned appeal for peace negotiations to a special U.N. General Assembly session in Geneva. Each time the cotton in Arafat's mouth prevented the U.S. from hearing the precise syntax it wanted. But on Dec. 14, in a frantically arranged press conference to delineate the P.L.O. position one more time, Arafat finally got the linguistic formula right.

"I repeat for the record that we totally and absolutely renounce all forms of terrorism."



After essaying the required formulations for the fourth time, the P.L.O. chairman said, "Enough is enough"

"As a result," declared Secretary of State George Shultz four hours later, "the U.S. is prepared for a substantive dialogue with P.L.O. representatives." With that, the Reagan Administration opened a door securely locked in 1975 when Henry Kissinger promised Israel that the U.S. would not deal with the P.L.O. unless the organization met Washington's preconditions. In the end, the words Arafat finally uttered were less significant than the intent Washington glimpsed of a P.L.O. apparently ready to swap its strategy of intransigence for the bargaining table.

The Administration's bold response was all the more remarkable for coming at a time when Mikhail Gorbachev had made U.S. diplomacy appear calcified and reactive. American willingness to talk with the P.L.O. profoundly alters the political landscape of the Middle East in ways not yet clearly outlined but fresh with the potential for progress. The announcement sent a wave of approval through the West European and Arab communities, which have long urged the U.S. to end its increasingly futile code of silence. The move shocked Israel, which now stands alone in rejecting all contact with the P.L.O. With only a few weeks left in office, Ronald Reagan gave George Bush a huge Christmas present: the op-

portunity to make real progress in the Middle East without taking the heat for a fiercely controversial decision.

Was the startling announcement a cave-in by Arafat to the U.S., as many Americans believe? "I didn't change my

mind," said Shultz. "They made their statement clear." Or was it an about-face by the Reagan Administration cleverly engineered by the P.L.O. peace campaign, as the West Europeans, Arabs and Soviets saw it? It mattered little who claimed vic-

The Magic Words

By shifting a clause here, a word there, Arafat inched the P.L.O. toward dialogue with the U.S.

The Palestine National Council affirms the necessity of holding an effective international conference concerning the Middle East issue... on the basis of United Nations Security Council Resolutions 242 and 338.

—Algiers declaration, Nov. 15

The P.N.C. [Palestine National Council] accepted two states: a Palestinian state and a Jewish state, Israel.

—Arafat, Stockholm, Dec. 7

The P.L.O. will seek a comprehensive settlement among the parties concerned in the Arab-Israeli conflict, including the state of Palestine; Israel and other neighbors; to guarantee respect for the right to exist in peace and security for all.

—Arafat, U.N. speech, Dec. 13

In my speech yesterday, it was clear that we mean... the right of all parties concerned in the Middle East conflict to exist in peace and security, and, as I have mentioned, including the state of Palestine, Israel and other neighbors.

—Arafat, Geneva, Dec. 14

Nation

tory when both sides had in effect converged on the same piece of reality: they need to talk with each other to advance their separate interests.

The U.S. lost no time following up on its commitment. The next day U.S. Ambassador to Tunisia Robert Pelletereau, the "only authorized channel" for the discourse, telephoned P.L.O. headquarters in Tunis to arrange a meeting Friday at a state guesthouse in nearby Carthage. Pelletereau and a four-member P.L.O. delegation met for 90 minutes; afterward both parties called their first official talks "practical."

As far as the U.S. is concerned, the first topic in an extended dialogue will be terrorism. The U.S. wants to serve notice on Arafat that it remains highly skeptical

P.L.O. that it must convince Israel, and not the U.S., of its readiness to engage in serious negotiations. Nor will the U.S. cease its unflinching support for the Jewish state or let the P.L.O. divide the two allies. But Washington sees its official face-to-face talks with the P.L.O. as a chance to probe and define an acceptable Palestinian role in direct negotiations with Israel.

Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir denounced Arafat's U.N. address as a "monumental act of deception" and called the U.S. decision a dangerous "blunder" that "will not help us, not help the United States and not help the peace process." Even Shimon Peres, the Foreign Minister who has struggled to devise a working peace plan of his own, considered the U.S. naive. "While other coun-

To the Israeli public, the U.S. decision came as the loss of an anchor, the anchor that guaranteed the rightness of their attitudes toward the P.L.O. Only a whisper from the left judged the news positive. "There is nothing to fear from talking. We are strong enough to talk," said Haim Ramon, a leftist Labor Party Knesset member. The pervasive Israeli distrust of Arafat has yet to be replaced by even the hint of a grass-roots movement to change Israel's policy toward the P.L.O. Certainly no major politician was ready to consider any change in attitude. Few in Israel expressed relief, much less victory, over Arafat's much belated acknowledgment that Israel had a right to exist.

In the West Bank, however, jubilant Palestinians toasted one another with *mabrouk*, the Arabic word for "congratulations." To the foot soldiers in the *intifadeh*, the yearlong rebellion in the occupied territories that has won worldwide sympathy for Palestinian national aspirations, this was the first tangible victory. "If we succeeded in forcing America to sit with the P.L.O., we will force Israel to recognize the P.L.O.," crowed a 17-year-old Palestinian activist from Jerusalem.



On Friday the U.S. and the P.L.O. take the measure of each other in Tunis

Both sides agreed that their first official meeting was "practical."

of his renunciation of the tactics that have subjected Israelis and others to decades of hijacking, bombing and murder. Washington will hold Arafat personally responsible for controlling his organization, and if he fails the U.S. will not hesitate, as President Reagan said, "to break off communications." The U.S. also expects Arafat to condemn and dissociate himself from violent acts by renegades and to help bring any terrorists to heel.

Beyond that, the U.S. wants to advance the dialogue toward the essential business of peace negotiations. "I view this development as one more step toward beginning direct negotiations between the parties," said Shultz. The U.S. will make it clear that it does not recognize the P.L.O.'s self-declared independent state and will not adopt any of the Palestinian objectives in advance of peace talks with Israel. Pelletereau will have to impress upon the

tries are expressing their views out of sincere hope, we express our views out of bitter experience," he said. Israel has cause for its unyielding refusal to trust the P.L.O. 24 years of terrorist violence.

Israel's reaction has been confused by its domestic politics. Since the election Nov. 1, neither the Labor Party nor the Likud bloc has been able to muster a governing majority. Now, however, there is a greater chance that the two main groups will continue their paralytic unity coalition, if only to give cover to each other in handling this diplomatic bombshell. On one point they are already united: Israel will not alter its refusal to talk with the P.L.O. Both parties are bracing for a bumpy time with Washington. Ever the optimist, Peres suggested that the U.S. will soon wise up to its mistake and back out of a bad judgment. The dour Shamir offered little but bitterness last week.

To the Arab states long pledged to the P.L.O., the U.S. move vindicated a trend they have encouraged in recent years: greater moderation and realism on the part of Palestinian nationalists. Even George Habash and Nayef Hawatmeh, leaders of two notoriously radical pro-Syrian factions within the P.L.O., hailed the American decision as a triumph for the *intifadeh*. But the renegade group of Abu Musa issued a veiled threat. "We fully reject the Arafat concessions and will prove our stand practically, in a way that neither Israel nor the United States would expect," said a spokesman in Damascus.

It is precisely that ability to wreck the dialogue with one well-placed Molotov cocktail that makes this tentative and guarded rapprochement so fragile. Anti-Arafat radicals in the occupied territories are reportedly planning to launch attacks against Israeli targets to show that Arafat's renunciation of terrorism does not apply to them. It may be cynical but it is not unthinkable to fear extremist Israelis might seek a similar escalation of violence to prevent a dialogue that they like no better. Another danger for Arafat is the one that has kept him on the move for more than two decades: the possibility of assassination by those who reject his views.

For Arafat, however, the gains made last week far outweigh the risks. Washington in effect recognizes the P.L.O. to be the sole, legitimate representative of the Palestinian people. The implicit recognition marks a personal triumph for Arafat.

who has been down so often but never out. His organization has been splintered by factionalism and scourged by armies from Jordan to Israel but never destroyed. He has promised his people much but never delivered. In 1982 he was drummed out of Lebanon, and just a year ago he was all but ignored at an Arab summit that consigned the Palestinian problem to the dead file. Yet a combination of events and his uncanny talent for survival have pushed him back to the top.

Mos of all, the unexpected and unquenchable uprising in the occupied territories emboldened Arafat to take a chance. He risked losing control of the Palestinian cause altogether unless he could win the "children of the stones" some tangible gain for a year of pain. At the same time, the *intifadeh* blessed the Palestinians, and by extension even the P.L.O., with a legitimacy Arafat had never been able to earn. Perhaps the past 13 years of diplomatic isolation by the U.S. was simply the necessary learning period for the movement.

Arafat's public commitment to cease terrorism was straightforward: "I repeat for the record that we totally and absolutely renounce all forms of terrorism." Arafat also made a significant concession of substance in his Geneva speech to the U.N. He rejected absolutism in favor of "realistic and attainable formulas that settle the [Arab-Israeli] issue on the basis of the possible." That is new and welcome from the P.L.O. Specifically, Arafat said the Palestinians would settle for two states in the Holy Land, one Palestinian and one Israeli, borders undefined. Those who do not trust him will recall the words of the 1968 Palestinian National Charter, which calls for the complete destruction of Israel. The P.L.O. has not renounced that covenant, but many Western diplomats were prepared to accept last week's words as the operative policy.

The P.L.O. has made life more difficult for Israeli diplomats by publicly committing itself to a negotiated settlement. For years Israel was able to argue that it had no need to go to the bargaining table because no partner sat there. Now the Palestinians' designated spokesman, however unlovely, may be there.

The U.S. had little to lose in testing the P.L.O.'s sincerity. The Jordanian option, the long-favored attempt by the U.S. and Peres to make King Hussein the surrogate peacemaker for the Palestinians, withered away last July when the King gave up all responsibility for the occupied West Bank. Washington's stubborn holdout in the face of Arafat's peace offensive had bound Uncle Sam in the unaccustomed straitjacket of the spoiler. Shultz's announcement not only ended months of intense criticism from West European and Arab friends but also restored U.S. credibility and influence as an honest broker in the Middle East conflict.



In East Jerusalem, Palestinians demonstrate after their tangible victory



In downtown Jerusalem, embittered Israelis burn Arafat in effigy

Jews and Arabs remain as far from a negotiated peace as ever.

Even American Jews were surprisingly mild in their response to a move many of them deeply mistrust. Most of them trust George Shultz as the best friend Israel ever had, and that seemed to help them see beyond natural fear to the glimmer of hope these events refract. In a rare divergence from the Israeli government line, the major umbrella organization of American Jews said it would not fight the Administration's decision. "Knowing this man," said Morris Abram, chairman of the Conference of Presidents of Major American Jewish Organizations. "I believe he would like to produce peace in the area without impairing the security of Israel one bit." But many U.S. Jews doubt the dialogue will work as planned. They believe, Abram warned, it will reveal once and for all that "the obstacle to peace

is not Israel but Arab intransigence."

Bush's Middle East policy has yet to be articulated, but officials around him say he will be more flexible than his predecessor, without diminishing U.S. support for Israel. Yet the danger in a dramatic reversal of policy is that it creates expectations that cannot be fulfilled. The gap between what the Palestinians want and what the Israelis may give is as wide as ever. Perhaps most tragically, the P.L.O. may have evolved toward negotiating a settlement at a time when Israel is moving away. Despite what the Palestinians may believe, no recent U.S. President has been willing to muscle Israel to the bargaining table.

But the U.S.-P.L.O. dialogue has stripped away an excuse Israel has long hidden behind. The policy of not dealing

with the P.L.O. has allowed Israel to avoid entering a negotiation certain to result in its losing pieces of Eretz Yisrael. Branding the P.L.O. as terrorist has been the most convenient and effective way of keeping the occupied territories in Israeli hands. As long as the U.S. did not talk with the P.L.O. either, Israel felt no need to address the fundamental trade-off of territory for peace. Now Israel may find it harder to avoid the issue. In the meantime, some prominent Israeli politicians

are contemplating unilateral action, such as limited autonomy for the territories, as a way to deflect the growing pressure to negotiate a territorial trade.

Vernon Walters, the U.S. Ambassador to the U.N., spoke for the world last week when he said, "We are tired of this conflict and tired of their unwillingness to make fair compromises." He was talking about both Israelis and Arabs.

There is no guarantee that a "substantive dialogue" between the U.S. and the

P.L.O. can work a miracle where all past efforts have failed. And there is still reason to doubt Arafat's Christmas conversion from gunslinger to peacemaker. No one knows if he can deliver. No one knows what the U.S. and, more important, Israel can deliver. But diplomacy, even the hard-nosed kind, is an act of faith. "Come, let us make peace," Yasser Arafat said. Yes, let us.

*With reporting by Dean Fischer/
Geneva, B. William Mader/United Nations and
Bruce van Voorst/Washington*

The Case for Skepticism

BY MICHAEL KRAMER

Talking to Yasser Arafat is not like talking to Mikhail Gorbachev. During the past three years, in word and deed, Gorbachev has earned the West's cautious trust. The INF treaty, the recent announcement of planned unilateral reductions in Soviet conventional forces, the removal of old-line naysayers suggest, in Margaret Thatcher's words, that Gorbachev is a man with whom "we can do business."

Arafat is another story. He and his confederates have raised double-talk to an art form. Seemingly concessions have become traps, hard-line interviews in Arabic have contradicted hopeful statements in English, renunciations of terrorist acts have been undermined by evidence suggesting Arafat's support for their undertaking. Even recently, when the diplomatic grapevine has been alive with speculation that the P.L.O. would finally recognize Israel's right to exist, Arafat's closest associates have telegraphed a different stance: continued adherence to a "phased strategy" whose odious goal is Israel's eventual liquidation.

Originally adopted by the Palestine National Council in 1974, the strategy of phases was affirmed after the P.N.C. meeting in Algeria. "The P.N.C. decisions," said Arafat's deputy Abu Iyad on Nov. 28, "are a refinement of the ... position adopted in the phase program 14 years ago. The [P.N.C.] session was meant to revitalize this program and to create a mechanism in order to get it moving."

Two other worrisome facts support Israel's skepticism about last week's actions and lend credence to an observation Henry Kissinger has made privately: "If you believe that their real intention is to kill you, it isn't unreasonable to believe that they would lie to you."

For one thing, the P.L.O. has yet to amend its charter's infamous Article 19. "The partition of Palestine in 1947 and the establishment of the state of Israel are entirely illegal, regardless of the passage of time." For another, Israelis remain fixated on an important date. In 1964, when the P.L.O. was founded, the very land most of the world now believes the Palestinians would settle for was still in Arab hands.

Given the hostile signals implicit in these facts and words, how should the U.S. proceed? In a decidedly non-traditional manner. With adversaries like Gorbachev, it is right and proper that negotiations begin without preconditions. With the P.L.O., however, it may be best to establish the bottom line in advance. As Kissinger suggests publicly, dealing with the P.L.O. requires a focus on substance, because "procedures will not give us a clue to whether there is a chance" for progress. The question requires an advance determination of the ultimate answer: What is Israel willing to give? What can it live with?

"We need to give the Palestinians a sense of reality," says David Hartman, a liberal Israeli rabbi who has long favored talking directly with the P.L.O. "We have to give them a sense of what we can finally accept—parameters, like demilitarization, that are essentially nonnegotiable. It

won't be all they will want. But the Palestinians must first prove that they will actually live with us on the same land in peace, even with a two-state solution. They must prove that they will not use a West Bank state as a foothold to strike for the rest of Israel."

Significantly, some prominent Palestinians have agreed. "We need to know the substance first because it goes to the limits of what we can expect from Israel regarding our self-determination," said Bashir Barghouti, editor of the East Jerusalem paper *al-Taliyah*, last summer. "We need to know what we will be able to do on the land that's given to us, no matter what the borders of that land are. The negotiating mechanisms—how we get from here to there—are secondary."

Following this script is not only prudent; it can yield an important public relations benefit for both Washington and Jerusalem. To most of the world, and to many Israelis too, Israel appears to have its head in the sand. By declaring substantively what exactly they are willing to trade for peace, Israel and the U.S. can get themselves off a p.r. hook.

If the Palestinians reject an offer reasonable people can identify as forthcoming and courageous—as they have rejected every attempt at compromise for almost a century—no one could fault Israel for then saying, "Shalom. Come to talk to us again when you've grown up."



ILLUSTRATION FOR TIME BY DAVID SUITER

A Dance of Many Veils

Shultz and Arafat reached common ground only after intense prodding by their allies, Swedish mediators—and a nudge from George Bush

PD On successive days last week, George Shultz's senior Middle East aides gathered in a small private room that abuts the Secretary's spacious office on the seventh floor of the U.S. State Department. On Tuesday executive assistant Charles Hill, Under Secretary Michael Armacost, Assistant Secretary for Middle East Affairs Richard Murphy and counsellor Max Kampelman clustered around a TV set to watch Yasser Arafat's United Nations speech in Geneva. By the time Shultz walked in near the end of the speech, the glum group had already prepared a single-page memo: "There was no dispute; there were no differences," says a participant. "Arafat's presentation was unacceptable."

The same aides gathered again early the next afternoon, this time to listen to a tape recording of Arafat's press conference, relayed by a U.S. diplomat in Geneva. Once again the group's verdict on Arafat's performance was unanimous, but this time the judgment was reversed. At 4:01 p.m. Shultz telephoned National Security

Adviser Colin Powell. "We're agreed that he did it," the Secretary declared. After 13 years of stalemate and more than a month of intense back-channel negotiations, the U.S. would at last talk to the Palestine Liberation Organization.

Who blinked, Shultz or Arafat? In the State Department's view, the stubborn, strong-willed Shultz had played hardball diplomacy with Arafat until he got what he wanted. Even Shultz's unpopular decision to deny Arafat a visa to speak at the U.N. in New York City was portrayed as a deliberate tactic to push the P.L.O. chairman into uttering the magic words that had never before passed his lips: that the P.L.O. renounced terrorism and "recognized Israel's right to exist within secure borders." Insisted Shultz: "I didn't change my mind . . . Now we have acceptance of our conditions."

That tidy explanation smacks of comforting hindsight. The decisive events were far more complex: both Shultz and Arafat finally acted only under tremendous pressure from other nations. "He was sweating blood," said a Swedish dip-

lomat who dealt with Arafat as the delicate backstage minutiae was played out. The P.L.O. leader had the recalcitrant radicals in his organization pulling him back from the edge. Pushing him forward were Egypt and Jordan, as well as the Soviet Union, which "landed on Arafat like a ton of bricks," according to a Washington source. Reversing past policy, the Kremlin urged Arafat to seek talks with the U.S. and acknowledge Israel.

What turned Shultz around? "He has a visceral hatred of Arafat," explained a senior U.S. diplomat. "But finally reality gained the upper hand, helped by a weight of pressure that he had probably not experienced before." The Secretary also felt gentle but firm nudges from George Bush to move the U.S. beyond its isolated stance of just saying no to every overture from the Palestinians.

Even so, the final outcome remained uncertain as the two principal players repeatedly thought they had an agreement, only to find that the other had failed to deliver what had been expected. In the end, it was the persistent middleman ef-

SEVEN STEPS TO A BREAKTHROUGH

1 In Algiers on Nov. 15, the P.L.O. declares an independent Palestinian state. Arafat also wins support for implied recognition of Israel, which could lead to a long-awaited dialogue with the U.S.



2 Shultz is unimpressed by the P.L.O.'s shift in position. He denies Arafat a visa to address the U.N. in New York City, calling him an "accessory" to terrorism. In the uproar that follows, the U.N. votes 154 to 2 to hear Arafat in Geneva.



3 The P.L.O. leader flies to Stockholm to embrace Foreign Minister Sten Andersson, who is acting as middleman between Arafat and the U.S. The Swedes relay proposed wording of critical points between Shultz in Washington and Arafat in Sweden. The three parties work out conditions for breaking the deadlock.



Nation

forts by Swedish diplomats that helped close the deal.

Long before the tortuous, on-again, off-again negotiations of the final weeks, the changing situation in the Middle East had been pushing the U.S. toward a dialogue with the P.L.O. Shultz had repeatedly carried his American peace plan around the region in his own version of shuttle diplomacy last spring. The centerpiece of the plan was an end to Israeli occupation of Gaza and the West Bank, creation of an undefined "homeland" for Palestinians, and an international conference at which negotiations to achieve these ends would begin. But each effort ran up against Israeli objections to a conference even before any answer could be found to the question of who should speak for the Palestinians.

The U.S. and Israel had hoped that Jordan's King Hussein would fill this role. But last July the King announced that he would no longer assume any legal or administrative responsibility for Arabs living in the occupied West Bank. Shultz conceded that when he had invited moderate Palestinians to meet with him in the past, no one had shown up. Insisted a Palestinian representative at the U.N.: "He finally came to the conclusion that the P.L.O. is the only interlocutor for the Palestinians."

Meanwhile, the yearlong uprising by the occupants of the West Bank and Gaza had drawn worldwide sympathy for those Arafat called "the children of the stones." The best way to exploit that sentiment and further isolate Israel was for the P.L.O. to move toward a more moderate, reasonable role. Arafat was strongly urged to do so by Egypt's President Hosni Mubarak, Jordan's King Hussein and, after the cease-fire in the Iran-Iraq war, Iraqi President Saddam Hussein. For the U.S., which sharply criticized Israel's heavy use of force against the *intifada*, an overly close relationship with Israel became a liability in its relations with nearly every other nation.

The P.L.O. took advantage of the uprising when its national council convened in Algiers on Nov. 12 by unilaterally declaring the existence of an independent Palestinian state. For the first time, a council statement also accepted U.N. Security Council Resolution 242, which calls for withdrawal of all forces from lands occupied after the 1967 Arab-Israeli war and implies a recognition of Israel. It endorsed Resolution 338 as well, urging all relevant parties to negotiate.

Still, the statement was deliberately drawn to be ambiguous enough to prevent a walkout by George Ha-

bash and Nayef Hawatmeh, two of the P.L.O.'s more radical leaders. Shultz declared that the P.L.O. wording was not clear enough on Israel's existence and did not flatly rule out all forms of terrorism.

Sweden's Foreign Minister Sten Andersson moved quickly to bridge the Shultz-Arafat breach. He had visited Israel in March, seen the violence there close up, and discussed the situation personally with Shultz on a Washington visit in April. Shultz did not explicitly say he wanted the Swedes to act as intermediaries, "but I can read thoughts," Andersson joked last week.

Swedish diplomats have a tradition of mediating between Arabs and Jews that goes back to Count Folke Bernadotte and U.N. Special Representative Gunnar Jarring. Last September was the 40th anni-

versary of Bernadotte's assassination in Jerusalem, and many Swedes were enraged when two former members of the ultra-Zionist Stern Gang went on Israeli television and boasted about their part in the killing. The incident may have helped intensify Swedish efforts to get the U.S. and the P.L.O. talking.

Seeking a buffer, Andersson had his aides invite three prominent American Jews to Stockholm. New York attorney Rita Hauser, Los Angeles publisher Stanley Sheinbaum, and Drora Kass of the Center for Peace in the Middle East met with Arafat aides on Nov. 21. Out of this came a covert P.L.O. statement, which the visiting Americans and the Swedes considered a decisive advance beyond what the P.L.O. had said in Algiers. The new language was shown to Shultz by the Swedish diplomats on Nov. 25.

If he was impressed, the Secretary did not show it. His concern about terrorism was so great that on the very next day he seized the issue to reject Arafat's visa request to appear before the U.N. General Assembly. Arafat was "an accessory" to terrorism, Shultz held, and his presence in New York City would pose an unacceptable security problem. The worldwide criticism of the lonely U.S. stand was deafening.

Although unable to say so publicly, Bush and his incoming Secretary of State James Baker were troubled by Shultz's actions. "They were annoyed that his actions were going to make it extremely difficult to get anywhere in the Middle East," said an Administration official. "Their sense was that he was creating a mess that he could walk away from in a few weeks." Both men felt that the visa rejection, while based on principle, gave Arafat the image of an underdog being bullied by the U.S. Bush publicly backed Shultz but quietly urged that he press the Palestinians to meet the U.S. conditions.

As the General Assembly voted overwhelmingly to hear Arafat in Geneva instead of New York, Andersson decided to invite the Americans back to Stockholm. In a critical meeting on Dec. 7, exactly a week before Arafat's speech, five American Jews met with Arafat.

The Swedish government had asked the U.S. for suggestions on the language for Arafat to use that would be acceptable to Shultz. The State Department drafted wording, clearly stating the P.L.O.'s acceptance of Israel and renunciation of terrorism. In addition, Shultz sent word through the Swedes that if Arafat accepted the key phrasing,

4 New York lawyer Rita Hauser and four other American Jews meet Arafat in Stockholm on Dec. 7 at the invitation of the Swedish government. The Americans serve as a sounding board and help push Arafat toward words that will satisfy Shultz.



S. ANDERSSON/TT NEWS



K. YAMADA/ASSOCIATED PRESS

5 On the U.N. podium in Geneva on Dec. 13, Arafat disappoints his U.S. listeners by failing to utter the critical words agreed upon earlier. The Swedes persist, and Europe allies like Britain and France press Washington to reassess its rejection of the speech.

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A Christmas Fable

Once upon a time, there was a worker bee who was very loyal. Everyone thought he deserved a A. Except the jealous vice president. He was spreading rumors that the worker bee's career was on the up. When the worker bee's wife, a very sharp , got wind of this she decided to throw a Christmas Ball. She invited all the big , even that who was plotting to her husband. But she knew how to fix his . On the day of the party, everyone arrived dressed to the . At just the right moment, the hostess proposed a special Christmas with a very special spirit. "May everyone get what they fairly deserve," she proclaimed. With that, her husband turned into the top . The vice president was exposed as a . And life for all was a .

MORAL:

On Christmas Day, if you've been loyal
you must remember to toast with .



Crown Royal

Nation

the U.S. would push for immediate talks.

Although a public summary of the discussions fell short of Washington's stiff requirements, Arafat privately agreed to the State Department's proposed language. It was clear that the P.L.O. leader wanted to save his big move for his Geneva U.N. speech, magnified in importance by the Shultz visa rejection:

After flying back to Tunis to consult with his aides on the weekend before his Geneva address, Arafat finally rejected advice from some Palestinians that he give up on the U.S. until Shultz was gone. That, Arafat decided, would stall the promising P.L.O. peace drive too long and ruin his impending tour on TV screens around the world. He accepted the wording worked out at the secret Stockholm meeting and incorporated some changes from the State Department's proposed language. Arafat informed the Swedes, who told Washington, that he would deliver the critical words at the U.N.

Ronald Reagan, meanwhile, had been getting a fusillade of transatlantic telephone calls urging him to be more sensitive to Arafat's position and readier to accept his concessions. Repeated pleas came from Egypt's Mubarak, Jordan's Hussein, Saudi Arabia's King Fahd. Just as important, such close U.S. friends as Britain's Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, France's President François Mitterrand and West Germany's Chancellor Helmut Kohl joined the persistent chorus.

The common element in this high-level pitch: if Arafat could not get some favorable response from the U.S. for his painful and personally dangerous efforts, he would face a radical Arab backlash, perhaps headed by Syria. A rare chance for progress on peace would be lost. "It was a full-court action to get both sides to see reason, especially Washington," said a Swedish diplomat.

Finally, on the day Reagan and Bush met with Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev on New York's Governors Island—six days before Arafat's speech—Reagan told Shultz that, if Arafat delivered as promised, the State Department had permission to open "substantive discussions" with the P.L.O. After Arafat's assurances on the following Monday, U.S. Ambassador to Israel Thomas Pickering told Israeli Foreign Minister Shimon Peres of Reagan's decision. Cairo and Stockholm were also informed. All the players were expecting a breakthrough.

But the pressures were still

mounting on Arafat. Habash and Hawatmeh were telling him that he was going too far. "They insisted that he stop altering the meaning, as they saw it, of the Algiers declaration," said an Egyptian diplomat. "They were not prepared to go further."

When he took the podium at Geneva's Palais des Nations on Tuesday, the unpredictable P.L.O. chairman again stopped maddeningly short of uttering the precious words. Instead of saying, "I recognize Israel's right to exist," Arafat declared, "The P.L.O. will seek a comprehensive settlement among the parties concerned in the Arab-Israeli conflict, including the state of Palestine, Israel and other neighbors." While he "condemned"

terrorism "in all its forms," he did not "renounce" it, and he saluted "those sitting before me in this hall" who had fought in "national liberation movements."

Gloom engulfed the negotiations. The State Department, although seeing "interesting and positive developments" in Arafat's address, judged it insufficient for starting talks. "Close but no cigar," said a State Department deputy. Bush and Baker were equally disappointed. Said a source close to them: "It's like you are at the church ready to get married and the bride shows, but she's not wearing white."

Persistent as ever, Thatcher, Mitterrand, Mubarak and Hussein were back on the White House telephones urging Reagan to reassess the speech. Using a colorful metaphor, Mubarak told Shultz that Arafat had already taken off his shirt and that the U.S. was asking for his trousers.

Sweden's Andersson and Egypt's Foreign Minister Esmat Abdel-Meguid told Shultz they still had a shot at persuading Arafat to take the required extra steps. In Geneva, Abdel-Meguid carried his plea personally to Arafat when the two dined together on Tuesday night. In Geneva, U.S. Ambassador Vernon Walters was asked by Mohammad Said, a Palestinian-American adviser to Arafat, what Arafat must do to satisfy the U.S. "Just tell him to say in public what he said in private," replied Walters. Said passed this along. Andersson resumed his delicate persuasion, meeting twice with Arafat. The Arab moderates—Egypt, Jordan and Iraq—also pressed him to try once more to clarify his views.

Finally, all the pressure paid off. A jaunty and jovial Arafat strode into a conference room in the Palais des Nations on Wednesday night (afternoon in Washington) to face 800 reporters. He put on his spectacles and read a statement in English. This time he accepted Resolutions 242 and 338 without coupling them with demands for Palestinian independence. He specifically named the state of Israel as having the right "to exist in peace and security." Most significantly, he declared, "We totally and absolutely renounce all forms of terrorism, including individual, group and state terrorism."

"Enough is enough," Arafat told reporters. Then, in an apparent reference to Mubarak's metaphor, he added, "What do you want? Do you want me to strip-tease?" At last, his dance of many veils was a hit. —By Ed Magnuson
Reported by Dean Fischer/Geneva and Bruce van Voorst/Washington



6 Arafat receives calls from moderate Arab states and the Soviet Union. At a press conference on Dec. 14, he satisfies U.S. conditions by renouncing terrorism and accepting Israel's right to exist.



7 Only four hours later, Shultz announces an end to the 13-year policy of ostracizing the P.L.O. Shultz authorizes the U.S. Ambassador to Tunisia to meet with P.L.O. representatives in Tunis.

"A Clean Bill of Health"

Tower is tapped for the Pentagon, but is Kemp headed for HUD?

For a month, the rumors mounted as President-elect George Bush let his choice to run the Pentagon twist slowly in the wind. Liberal critics complained that former Texas Senator John Tower was too cozy with defense contractors. Some conservatives questioned his fealty to the Strategic Defense Initiative. Gossips whispered about his reputation for boozing and womanizing. Last week, after one of the most prolonged background checks the FBI has ever conducted, Bush finally named Tower his Secretary of Defense.

Why did the selection take so long? Tower, 63, had been mentioned repeatedly

buildup, he can expect tough questions on how he will prune as much as \$300 billion from projected defense expenditures over the next four years. Last week Tower declared that he was ready to cope with a new era of Pentagon austerity, promising "as much if not more defense for less money." But Bush will nonetheless insist that Tower choose a tight-fisted manager as his top Pentagon aide.

Even as the rumors about Tower continued to swirl, they were joined by a new—and to Bush, infuriating—round of leaks about



Bush introduced his pick for Defense, but held back on plans for the Congressman, above. An old friend of the weapons makers will preside over the coming era of austerity.

ly by suspects in the Justice Department's "Ili Wind" investigation of corruption in defense contracting. But after an extensive review of the evidence, the FBI concluded that the suspects were merely dropping his name in an attempt to enhance their purported influence. Tower was cleared of any involvement in wrongdoing. In addition, the FBI probed his former wife's allegations that while serving as an arms-control negotiator in Geneva he had affairs with foreign women. Such liaisons would raise the possibility that Tower had been compromised by a foreign government. He denied the affairs, and the FBI absolved him of any suspicion of entrapment by enemy agents. The bureau, declared Bush, gave Tower "a clean bill of health."

Although Tower is a former Senator, his confirmation is likely to be rough. Because of his renown as the Senate's most volatile defender of the Reagan military

the imminent appointment of Jack Kemp as Secretary of Housing and Urban Development. Bush offered the post to his defeated rival for the G.O.P. nomination last Wednesday. Two days later, the story hit the front pages. At week's end the President-elect had said nothing about the appointment, though aides to both Bush and Kemp said it would be announced this week—unless Bush changes his mind.

If it goes through, the appointment of Kemp, 53, a nine-term New York Congressman who is retiring from the House next month, will be a political twofer. On the one hand, he is a favorite of the right wing, a supply-side apostle who championed the Reagan tax cuts in 1981. On the other, he is one of the few prominent Republican politicians in good standing with the black community. He has consistently exhorted the G.O.P. to reach out to minorities and the poor. Though Kemp made

the short list of possible Bush vice-presidential running mates, the former Buffalo Bills quarterback has never been a favorite of the President-elect. But his selection would add some pizazz to a Cabinet that is quickly filling up with bland, middle-of-the-road pragmatists.

Kemp surprised some Washington insiders by seeking the HUD post, a job that he had little stature during the Reagan Administration. For the past eight years, the HUD Secretary has been Samuel Pierce, the only black in Reagan's Cabinet, who has gone so unnoticed that he has earned the nickname "Silent Sam." Kemp would bring a more ambitious agenda to HUD. For years, he has been a strong advocate of Urban Enterprise Zones, in which the Federal Government would give investors tax breaks to encourage the economic revitalization of inner cities. He has also proposed selling public housing to its tenants.

As he mulled the Kemp appointment, Bush scrambled to fulfill his pledge to add minorities to his Cabinet. He met last week with Dr. Louis Sullivan, president of Atlanta's predominantly black Morehouse School of Medicine and the leading candidate for the Health and Human Services spot. He also tapped Clayton Yeutter, now special trade representative, to head the Agriculture Department.

With seven Cabinet seats remaining to be filled, Bush's irritation over unauthorized disclosures of his selections is evident. During a recent photo session with a group of his state political coordinators, a reporter bruised the decorum by inquiring about the latest rumored appointments to his Cabinet. Bush responded with an impromptu etiquette lesson. "Talking at photo ops will continue until Jan. 20," he chided, "and after that there will be absolutely none." He added that questions shouted by reporters are "demeaning to your profession. You shouldn't have to yell at me to get an answer."

In his determination to plug leaks, the President-elect has imposed a secrecy pledge on his transition staff. He has also replaced his campaign mantra, "Read my lips," with a new slogan: "Stay tuned. Wait for the announcement." Says an aide: "I don't count anything a done deal until George Bush announces it. He can be unpredictable." Last week Bush spited journalists who prematurely published the identity of his choice for Transportation Secretary by postponing the nomination of Chicago attorney Samuel Skinner.

—By Jacob V. Lamar

Reported by Dan Goodgame/Washington



Playing Atomic NIMBY

Pileup of radioactive waste may close a bomb plant

For at least the past decade, the nuclear industry, both electric-power and weapons divisions, has faced the prospect of stranding on its radioactive garbage. Now that may actually happen to the Government's nuclear-bomb plant at Rocky Flats, near Boulder. Between next March and May, it will reach a limit set by state law on how much waste it can store on site. At that point, Governor Roy Romer could order it shut, making Rocky Flats the first atomic facility to be closed because it is unable to dispose of its trash.

Oddly enough, a facility exists for permanent burial of the waste. In fact, the Government's Waste Isolation Pilot Plant, a gigantic hole in a salt bed 2,150 ft. beneath southeastern New Mexico, was supposed to start receiving waste (primarily clothing and tools contaminated by radiation) from Rocky Flats and nine other atomic plants around the country this month. In theory, the salt will creep back around the waste, sealing it harmlessly into the earth. But safety concerns and legal problems have put off



Toxic trash piled in storage drums near Atomic City, Idaho

When will it be sealed harmlessly into the earth?

the opening date to—well, when? August at the earliest, says the Department of Energy (DOE).

Too late, anyway, to head off a game of NIMBY (not in my backyard) between Romer and Idaho Governor Cecil Andrus. Though Government inspectors closed much of the Rocky Flats plant in October because of severe safety violations, enough of it remains running to produce nearly a boxcar load of hazardous

waste a week. Until mid-October those boxcars were sent to the National Engineering Laboratory in Idaho for "temporary" storage. But when it became clear that WIPP would not open on schedule, Governor Andrus sent one of the boxcars back to Colorado. There, outside the plant, it still sits, near six more boxcars and a yard full of drums and crates, all packed with toxic trash.

Governor Romer will not let the junk be sent anywhere until a permanent disposal site is ready. And if the poisonous waste passes the legal limit of 1,600 cu. yds.? Until last week Romer had vowed, "I don't want to close Rocky Flats, but I'm willing to."

He softened his tone last Friday, however, after getting together with Andrus, New Mexico Governor Garrey Carruthers and top DOE brass in Salt Lake City. All parties agreed on a shaky compromise. They will press

Congress to pass quickly a land-swap bill essential to opening WIPP. DOE will not only search for an interim storage site, but will also provide financial assistance to the states. Andrus might let some waste back into Idaho. Even so, Andrus estimated that chances for solving the waste disposal problem had improved only from 1 in 10 to fifty-fifty.

—By George J. Church

Reported by Jordan Bonfante/Salt Lake City and Nancy Harbert/Albuquerque

Grapevine

MINDING MARILYN. Dan Quayle's advisers are learning that the future Second Lady wants her opinions heard, and heeded. Marilyn Quayle resisted the Bush staff's choice of TIME correspondent David Beckwith as Quayle's press secretary. She preferred Jeff Nesbitt, Quayle's Senate spokesman. A source close to the Quayles says Marilyn also wanted her husband's Senate seat and conceded only grudgingly when Republican Party leaders in Indiana considered the move highly inappropriate. Last week Governor Robert Orr appointed Republican Congressman Dan Coats, Quayle's former congressional aide.

FINDING THE LIGHTS. George Bush remains convinced he can lend substance to his poetic invocation of "a thousand points of light." He has asked his director of policy development, Jim Pinkerton, to locate some points of light—policy innovations by state and local governments as well as private organizations—and make them more visible from Washington. Says a senior transition official: "We all know which football team is the best in the N.F.C., but we don't know which cities or states have the best new programs for helping the homeless."

MORE OF THE SAME? Now that Lee Atwater is moving from the Bush campaign to the Republican National Committee, expect last summer's bareknuckled tactics to reappear in local races. Atwater's brash new crew at the R.N.C. is determined to reverse the party's losing pattern in statewide and congressional contests. They intend to recruit more appealing and aggressive candidates who can "hit the Democratic incumbents earlier and harder," says a senior R.N.C. official. "That means raising their negatives and exploiting the same values issues that worked for George Bush."



Quayle is a tough bird

CALLING AHEAD. Before they met in Washington three weeks ago, Jesse Jackson gave President-elect George Bush a tip for reaching out to black Americans. He told Bush by telephone that James Earl Ray, imprisoned in Tennessee for the murder of Martin Luther King Jr., was up for parole. Jackson's call got quick results. Bush had the Justice Department look into the case. Though Ray is a state prisoner, not under federal jurisdiction, Bush left his meeting with Jackson saying parole would "send the wrong signal to America."

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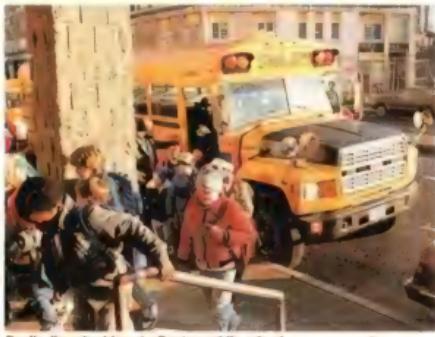
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American Notes

BOSTON

Separate but Equal

Fourteen years after Federal Judge Arthur Garrity ordered crosstown busing to desegregate Boston's public schools, the city is embarking on another overhaul of its troubled educational system. Last week local experts hired by Mayor Ray Flynn proposed a new approach, called controlled choice, that seeks to foster competition while maintaining the painfully achieved racial balance. Next fall schools through Grade 8 would be divided among three equally funded zones, with 14,000 students apiece. Within each zone, parents would be allowed to choose a particular school for their child, and pupils would be assigned to available spots in a



Pupils disembarking at a Boston public school

way that preserved each school's racial balance. Facilities that failed to attract enough students would be phased out. Says the plan's co-author,

Charles Willie of Harvard: "We've learned that the emphasis has to be on education rather than mixing and matching students."

STATISTICS

Death in Black And White

Through better diets and increased exercise, most Americans can look forward to longer lives. Last week, however, the National Center for Health Statistics reported a disturbing countertrend. From 1984 to 1986, the average life expectancy of whites rose from 75.3 to a record 75.4 years. But for blacks during that same period it declined, going from 69.7 to 69.4 years. A major cause: a stark increase in accidental deaths and homicides. While there are 5.6 murders among each 100,000 whites, there are a harrowing 32.4 homicides for each 100,000 blacks, up 15%. Among black males the rate is even higher: 55.9 per 100,000. ■

WASHINGTON

Take My House—Please

George Shultz has long argued that the U.S. Secretary of State needs a large and secure home where he can entertain visiting dignitaries. Last week his wish came a step closer to fulfillment when it was disclosed that philanthropist Gwendolyn Cafritz posthumously donated her landmark mansion to become the Secretary's official residence. Cafritz, a Washington socialite who died Nov. 29 at age 78, set aside money from her estate to restore and maintain the \$9 mil-

lion mansion before turning it over to the Government.

Her gift may nevertheless be refused. Government acceptance will need special congressional approval, thanks to a law written by Shultz's tenacious Senate adversary Jesse Helms. The conservative North Carolina Republican argues that providing living quarters for the Secretary of State would be unfair to other Cabinet members, all of whom have to find their own accommodations in the capital. Last year Helms won passage for a measure that specifically bans the Secretary from soliciting or receiving property for an official residence. ■

ARIZONA

Rose's Saucy Salutation

In 5,000 mailboxes stuffed full of ordinary Christmas greetings, one card is sure to stand out: the Yuletide message sent by Arizona Governor Rose Mofford to celebrate her first year in office. Mailed to friends, journalists and fellow government officials across the country, Mofford's missive is a caricature of herself as a toga-clad Goddess of Liberty perched atop the state capitol dome. In recent years the bee-hive-confined Governor, 66, has sent out similar cards showing herself as Uncle Sam, Santa Claus and even Mac West. If the practice catches on among Gov-



Arizona's cartoon goddess

ernors, next Christmas may bring portraits of George Deukmejian as Plato and Mario Cuomo as St. Augustine. ■



Official home of the Secretary of State—if Congress says O.K.

CONGRESS

You Get What You Pay For

Members of Congress pocketed \$7.5 million in honorariums last year, often for delivering speeches at luxurious resorts. Last week a presidential advisory commission recommended a ban on this lucrative sideline, but at a price: a 50% increase in the lawmaker's sal-

aries, to \$135,000, along with pay hikes for the judiciary and top Executive Branch officials.

A ban on congressional speaking fees would require new legislation. But if Ronald Reagan includes the raises in his last budget, they will automatically take effect unless Congress votes within 30 days to forgo them. In 1987, when Congressmen got a \$12,100 pay raise, the House voted against it—on the 31st day. ■



Motherly courage and the face of tragedy: an elderly woman gives comfort amid the ruins of Leninakan, where thousands died and much of the city was

World

● SOVIET UNION

Vision of Horror

As dazed Armenians struggle with death and despair, Gorbachev tries to ease the quake's impact on ethnic strife and an ailing economy



destroyed in the earthquake two weeks ago



Only days ago, few people had heard of the town of Spitak, high in the Caucasus Mountains of northwest Soviet Armenia. But by last week it had become an international symbol of death and utter destruction, a place where the stench of corpses mingled with fading, desperate hopes that a voice, a whimper or a sigh might be heard from deep beneath the rubble. "A vision of horror," gasped a stunned Dr. Patrick Aeberhard, president of the French humanitarian aid group Médecins du Monde. An estimated 70% of the town's 20,000 population lies entombed, victims of the devastating earthquake that hit two weeks ago. Throughout the region, at least 50,000 are dead, 130,000 injured, 500,000 homeless.

Coffins were stacked in piles on nearly



In Spitak grieving families surround the coffins of three children killed in the disaster

every street corner in Spitak, some cracked open to reveal arms and legs wrapped in plastic bags. Coffins lined the streets of other cities and towns throughout the stricken region. The Soviet news agency TASS said that as of Wednesday 21,755 bodies had been identified from the badly damaged cities of Leninakan and Kirovakan and from 48 villages that had been destroyed.

Early last week ten people were discovered beneath the rubble of Spitak, including an infant still sucking on her pacifier. One of the rescuers, a nursing mother, quickly put the child to her breast. It seemed likely that these would be the last of the estimated 7,000 survivors who have been pulled from the wreckage. "With every day the moans are decreasing," said Foreign Ministry spokesman Gennadi Gerasimov. By Friday the French, British, West German and Italian teams had given up the search and returned home and the official American relief team was packing away its equipment. At the beginning of this week, the Soviet army, concerned about infection from the rotting corpses, planned to send in demolition teams to start razing the few pitiful pieces of masonry still standing in the stricken cities and towns.

But that decision provoked an outcry from Armenians, who insisted on picking through the rubble until all their loved ones could be accounted for. On Friday Moscow suddenly reversed itself after dogged rescuers miraculously pulled out of the debris 21 more people, one in Spitak

and the rest in Leninakan, who by then had been buried alive for more than a week. Said Armenian official Eduard Aikazian: "We will continue looking for survivors until there isn't the slightest possibility of finding anybody."

The disaster may yield one positive result: the largest outpouring of foreign aid to the Soviet Union since World War II could produce a surge of goodwill that will further reduce East-West tensions. The disaster held the potential of changing perceptions on both sides: the humanitarian assistance might make the Soviet people view the West as less of a threat, while the pictures of stricken Armenians might make Westerners more sympathetic to the Soviets in general. "It has a humanizing effect," said a senior Western diplomat in Moscow. "It has become part of official policy to express gratitude not only for the aid they receive now, but for past assistance as well."

Of more immediate importance for Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev are the domestic effects of the quake. The enormous costs of rebuilding Armenian towns and villages will be a serious setback to *perestroika*, his program of economic restructuring. The political aftershocks are already severe. Even before the tragedy, Armenians distrusted Gorbachev because of his rejection of their territorial claims to Nagorno-Karabakh, a largely Armenian enclave embedded in neighboring Azerbaijan, a blood enemy of Armenia. The earthquake only heightened the Armenians' an-



A father sobs and a mother grieves: a young victim is prepared for burial in Leninakan



Coffins distributed along the streets were ready for

ger, and that prompted a furious Gorbachev to describe the airing of nationalist grievances at such a time as "immoral." His words, however, had little effect.

The Soviet press, meanwhile, lambasted some aspects of the relief effort as bungled and inept. *Pravda*, the Communist Party daily, said that because of a lack of cranes "seconds and hours are being lost—that means lives." It complained that for each Soviet searcher "we have about ten observers who give advice rather than clear up the rubble." *Sotsialisticheskaya Industriya* asked, "Why does it happen that many families are still living out in the open though there is an abundance of tents?" Some of the homeless spend their nights huddled over bonfires. Even a Communist Party commission report lashed out at the poor organization, noting that "in a number of localities food is distributed sporadically." Health Minister Yevgeni Chazov urged that a national body be set up to handle major disasters.

Although in most cases the Soviets seemed remarkably adept at cutting red tape to get foreign disaster teams into Armenia, unexplained tie-ups cost time and possibly lives. Baxter International Inc. of Deerfield, Ill., assembled a flying medical lab, including 20 special dialysis machines to treat victims of crush syndrome whose kidneys had been affected, but four days passed before visas arrived. A Japanese offer to send an earthquake rescue team was rejected without explanation, as was a Turkish proposal to send helicopters and cranes. An American plastic and reconstructive surgeon, Claude Frechette, who arrived shortly after the earthquake, says he was told by a Soviet doctor in Yerevan that his help was not needed. "The problem is there is no central organization at Yerevan to dispatch people and equipment," Frechette said. "No one knows

what anyone else is doing. Information passes simply by word of mouth."

The man in charge of what was left of Spitak last week was the local party leader, Norik Moradanyan, who lost eleven relatives in the disaster. He had no time for grief, working round the clock to resolve disputes over where to send cranes, advising people on how to seek missing family members, or barking out orders for feeding and clothing survivors. Numb with fatigue, he had no idea how many people in his area had died: "We have pulled 7,000 out of the rubble. Many were still alive." Many died instantly, said Dr. Robert Gale, who was also present at the Chernobyl aftermath. "Once rigor mortis set in, they were frozen in time. Just like at Pompeii, you could tell what they were doing when the quake struck."

Dazed survivors of Spitak last week began trying to rebuild their lives from what remained of the town: piles of stone and wood and shattered belongings. Men, their faces hairy with a week's growth of beard, aimlessly wandered streets littered with scraps of clothing, pieces of furniture and broken dishes. Women with colorful head scarves plodded along, carrying heavy bundles of clothing salvaged from the wreckage; some carried buckets of water from distribution trucks. Most people lived in military tents, but Manuel Lambahyan and seven friends stayed in a makeshift hut built from the beams of his crumpled house, with a roof stitched from clothing. "This was a beautiful town, full of friends," he said. "But now . . ."

Last Friday a green loudspeaker truck patrolled Spitak, urging all women and children to leave the town. In clipped Armenian, the voice assured residents that

they would be sent to trade-union vacation centers in Georgia and the Crimea. Officials said about 38,000 people had been evacuated from the entire earthquake-damaged region and up to 70,000 were expected to leave. But many women in Spitak and other devastated communities refused to go, preferring to keep vigil by the still entombed bodies of their loved ones. "Why should we leave?" asked an elderly woman in Spitak. "This has been our home for 500 years."

A few people apparently viewed the disaster as an opportunity to steal. *Pravda* said more than \$400,000 in pilfered goods had been recovered and 150 looters had been arrested. But 20,000 tents bound for Leninakan disappeared. To prevent looting, a midnight-to-5 a.m. curfew was imposed throughout Armenia, and troops patrolled the streets of Leninakan. TASS reported that a man was arrested in Kirovakan for stripping watches and earrings from the dead Soviet soldiers; he was seen removing boots from the dead and trying them on for size. "We shouldn't hide the fact that all kinds of scum are coming to tragedy sites for an easy profit," said army Lieut. General V. Dubinyak, chief of staff of the Interior Ministry troops.

The Soviet press and officials have been questioning the clearly inadequate construction techniques and materials that may have caused many buildings in Armenia to collapse on their inhabitants. During his visit to Armenia after rushing back from New York City two weeks ago, Gorbachev asked a television interviewer, "Who is to blame for the fact that in the concrete blocks there is too little cement but more than enough sand?" This means the cement was stolen. By whom? Leonid Bibin, deputy chairman of the state building committee, launched an investigation into why so many of the more re-



bodies pulled out of the rubble



Survivors search for the bodies of loved ones in a makeshift morgue

cently built homes collapsed, and said criminal charges could be brought. *Pravda* said the poor construction, like so many other shortcomings in the Soviet system, could be attributed to the "period of stagnation," which has become the popular reference for the regime of the late Soviet leader Leonid Brezhnev.

Most of the criticism for everything from nonexistent planning to shoddy building came from the Soviets themselves, not from the West, which seemed intent on showing the Armenians just how much compassion can be tapped once Moscow simply admits it needs help. Sixty-seven countries sent assistance, including nearly 2,000 rescue workers and more than 100 planes loaded with earth-moving equipment, medical supplies, tents and clothing. Japan donated \$9 million, Italy wanted to build a prefabricated village for survivors, and West Germany offered to send 16 heavy cranes.

Americans did not spare themselves. Washington sent eight planeloads of official aid, plus a U.S. Air Force C-141 carrying supplies that left from Italy. Private donors gave millions of dollars' worth of supplies and equipment that required more than twelve planes to ferry them to Armenia. Industrialist Armand Hammer donated \$500,000, and Chrysler Corp. Chairman Lee Iacocca announced a fund drive. In Chicago, one of five major Armenian population centers around the U.S., the local community raised more than \$800,000 and collected 20,000 lbs. of supplies, from blankets to medicine. The Armenian Relief Society raised more than \$10 million in little over a week.

Analysts disagreed about the lasting impact of the disaster on U.S.-Soviet relations. James Millar, a Soviet specialist at

the University of Illinois, saw a danger in sentimentalizing Americans' view of the Soviet government: "There is always the risk of feelings turning into a philosophy that all people are really alike. That misses the point about states and foreign policy." And yet, noted Peter Frank, a Sovietologist at Britain's University of Essex, the Soviet leadership may find it very hard to sustain the old image of the capitalist West. Instead, he says, Gorbachev himself is helping create a new image "of a compassionate West willing to share its technology, charity and money. In a diffuse way, I think that could turn out to be one of the most beneficial consequences."

But Allen Lynch, deputy director of studies at the Institute for East-West Security Studies in New York City, argued that there is a craftiness to Gorbachev's han-

dling of foreign aid. By allowing unrestrained Western aid to pour in, "he is showing his folks how things need to be done properly, how his people need to learn to run things well, how much they need to adapt for things to work as they should. In a way, he is deliberately exposing Western vs. Soviet efficiency." But, Lynch added, the earthquake is a "terrible drain" on Gorbachev's hopes for a revival of the Soviet economy.

Perestroika, now in its fourth year, seems stalled, and has yet to bring much improvement in economic conditions, with worsening shortages of food and consumer goods. The economy is afflicted by a \$58 billion budget deficit, a \$12.8 billion cleanup bill after Chernobyl, and serious losses in revenues from declining oil prices and the enforced drop in vodka sales. Now the billions of rubles that will have to be spent

A cathedral that had stood for centuries in Leninakan was another victim of the earthquake



World

on reconstruction of an area about the size of Maryland must be figured in. Prime Minister Nikolai Ryzhkov admitted last week that the Soviet leadership "made a mistake" when it estimated the cost at only 5 billion rubles (about \$8.4 billion). He said more money would be provided.

So far, Gorbachev has received generally high marks from Soviets for his handling of the disaster. He is being praised in Moscow for his fast reaction in cutting short his American trip and returning to the Soviet Union, and in keeping what appears to be a tight grip on events as they unfold. "He sent a high-level team to the region immediately and kept them there," says a senior Western diplomat in Moscow. "They showed compassion and worked with the local people. The real test will be in how well they organize the long-term reconstruction." The disaster catapulted Prime Minister Ryzhkov, 59, into prominence as a strong and compassionate official. Every day Soviet television has shown him visiting stricken areas and talking with victims.

Compounding Gorbachev's problems is the bloody conflict between Armenians and Azerbaijanis. In the days before and after the quake, tens of thousands of Armenians crossed the border into Soviet Armenia to escape violence, and many Azerbaijanis crossed the other way. Until Gorbachev rejected their claim to Nagorno-Karabakh, the Armenians regarded Moscow as their champion. Now, said Lynch, Gorbachev "has come to represent in Armenian eyes everything they deeply resent about Moscow."

This depth of feeling boiled over in Yerevan last week when 600 people demonstrated with slogans accusing Moscow of deporting Armenian children orphaned by the earthquake. Soviet spokesman Gerasimov denied the allegations and said six of the ringleaders of the protest, all from the Karabakh Committee, had been jailed. The Armenian distrust has become so explosive that the Soviet army positioned tanks at main intersections in Yerevan. *Pravda* blamed the Karabakh group for spreading a rumor that the disaster was the result of a nuclear explosion detonated by Moscow. *Sotsialisticheskaya Industriya* reported that a convoy carrying aid from Azerbaijan to the earthquake area had been attacked and turned back by gangs of Armenian youths.

Clearly, Gorbachev's daunting tasks at home have been complicated immeasurably by the Armenian disaster. And even if he should succeed in swiftly bringing order out of the chaos, the ironic fact will remain that this Soviet leader appears more popular abroad than he is at home.

—By David Brand.

Reported by Ann Blackman/Moscow, Paul Hotheinz/Sputnik and B. William Mader/New York



Leninakan laments: a funeral; below, a man searches lists of the living and the dead



A Journey into Misery

After a harrowing flight aboard the first private American relief plane to reach Armenia, a TIME correspondent encounters extraordinary chaos, anguish and deep suspicion of Moscow among the earthquake's survivors

BY JOHN KOHAN YERIVAN

The call from the cockpit startled me out of a fitful sleep in the cramped cabin of the chartered Southern Air Transport jet. We had left New York's City's John F. Kennedy Airport 14 hours earlier with a crew of six and four passengers, bound for Armenia with almost 85,000 lbs. of medical supplies from AmeriCares, a nonprofit organization based in New Canaan, Conn. In a race for time, we were the first private American group to be airborne with emergency relief for the earthquake victims.

When I last looked out over the control panels of the Boeing 707, as we were ascending after a refueling stop in Shannon, Ireland, the sky had been a brilliant blue, with the first orange and green streaks of dawn. Now nothing was visible through the windshield but a swirling mass of gray.

"Here, see what you can make out in Russian!" yelled one of the crew members, shoving a pair of earphones into my hands. The urgent tone of his voice snapped me out of my drowsiness.

A Soviet aircraft, running low on fuel, was asking for clearance to land at Zvartnots airport in Yerevan. I heard someone calling out numbers over the radio in Russian, but his Armenian accent made them difficult to understand. The Soviet pilot was obviously having trouble comprehending the response too, and asked ground control several times to repeat the coordinates.

The confusion hardly boosted the confidence of our plane's crew, which was awaiting permission to start descending toward the invisible landing strip.

"Flight 528. Over."

A long silence, followed by more cryptic exchanges in heavily accented Russian.

"Five-two-eight. Over."

As strong head winds rocked the plane, the mustachioed young co-pilot looked around anxiously.

"I think we should blow out of here to Turkey. I'm going to ask for the vectors to Ankara."

Finally a response came, in broken English, from the control tower:

"One-five-two-nine to 600 meters."

"This is five-two-eight. Repeat, five-two-eight. Please repeat that."

"One-five-two-nine to 600 meters," came the message.

"That sounded like 1,600 to me," said the navigator. "Did anyone else get that?"

"They're still giving us the wrong call signal," the co-pilot pointed out.

Pilot Jack Thetford, a seasoned veteran of emergency cargo runs, opted to hold course, following the sporadic commands

as it approached Yerevan, killing the crew.

The reason for the confusing signals from the control tower became clear once our plane touched down on the rain-drenched runway, littered with wind-blown bits of sagebrush. The narrow ribbon of tarmac at Zvartnots airfield looked like a crowded parking lot: an American military C-141, its tail marked with a large Stars and Stripes, an Algerian trans-



New York: the mission begins at J.F.K., where the plane is loaded with U.S. medical supplies

The dangerous part will be landing amid chaos at Zvartnots airport.

in broken English. The minutes of waiting for the next radio message seemed endless. Since Yerevan is ringed by craggy peaks, even the slightest imprecision in altitude readings could be a matter of life or death. "I looked at my map and could see that at one point they had us heading directly into a mountain," Thetford said afterward.

Only when the first glimmer of lights from the runway shone through the clouds did the tensions in the cockpit ease. "That was too goddam close," said Thetford. Later we learned just how lucky we were. Shortly before our arrival, a Soviet transport plane carrying relief workers to Leninakan, some 60 miles north of Yerevan, crashed. All 78 people aboard perished. A second aircraft, with medical equipment from Yugoslavia, went down

port plane, a commercial Austrian airliner—in all, about 15 foreign planes, not counting a regular fleet of Soviet Ilyushin 76s and Tupelev 154s. Hundreds of dark-clad figures milled about. The usual tight military control that exists at every Soviet airport seemed to have all but broken down.

A lanky young Russian in a rain-soaked khaki jacket immediately appeared at the plane's open doorway, his figure outlined against the leaden, gray afternoon sky.

"Good evening," he announced incongruously in broken English, taking a walkie-talkie from his ear. "You are from where?"

There were no formalities, no inspection of visas. The security guard deposited our passports in his pocket, where they re-

World

mained for the duration of our nine-hour stay.

Grief and bewilderment etched the weary, unshaven faces of the airport volunteers, whose bloodshot eyes seemed to brim with tears. Workers formed a human chain in the pouring rain to unload the plane's cargo of pain-killers, penicillin, iodine swabs and bandages donated by American companies. They worked by flashlight well into the night. A young man took me aside and whispered, "Be sure to tell everyone in America and Europe how thankful we are."

Amid the confusion of passing trucks and landing airplanes, my services as a Russian interpreter were in great demand, stretching my technical vocabulary to the limit. I was asked to come quickly and sort out a bizarre accident on the airfield. The wing tip of a passing Ilyushin 76 cargo plane had somehow clipped the tail of a parked Air Europe Boeing 757. Both aircraft were stuck in place. I tried to explain to an ever changing group of airport workers that the British pilot needed a small tow truck and strong steel cables to move his plane forward.

At one point, ambulances suddenly raced in a pack down the tarmac. More survivors had arrived from Lenakan, their clothing still caked with dried mud. A young woman bundled in a green checkered blanket stared listlessly from a stretcher. Others exited on crutches or took their own shaky steps down the stairs of the Tupelev 154, dazed by the crowd of white-coated medics and the flashing



Encino, Calif.: donations at Holy Martyrs Apostolic Church

lights of the waiting emergency vehicles.

Whenever I paused for even a moment, there was an anxious tug at my sleeve.

"Do you understand in the West what is going on in our Armenia?"

"When did you receive permission to come? Did Moscow try to delay you?"

"If we had only had your cranes and heavy machinery one day earlier . . ."



Yerevan: Soviet volunteers ignored heavy rains and used flashlights to unload the cargo

"There is nothing left here," said an old man who survived the catastrophe. "Nothing."

"You know, Gorbachev has no great love for the Armenians."

"Yes, he came here, he shook a few hands, and then he left. Sure, they have organized a relief commission. But you tell me who is in charge."

"We do not need to send our orphans and homeless to Moscow. There is no child who will go without shelter in Armenia."

"You have heard death totals of 45,000 and 100,000? At least 300,000 have died, believe me."

"We have cried out for justice, but who can believe in it after this?"

The rain-streaked faces of the speakers blurred in the gathering darkness. A bleary-eyed Yerevan doctor in a fur-collared coat who had worked for four whole days without sleep. A bespectacled economist who told of digging out one lone survivor from among 48 corpses in a Lenakan classroom. An airport worker who had held a dying child in his arms. A grizzled old man in a shabby winter coat simply shook his head from side to side. "There is nothing left there," he said. "Nothing. Everything must be built from scratch."

Sometimes these tales of grief from the earthquake zone merged seamlessly with horror stories of brutal rapes and beatings during ethnic clashes last February in the Azerbaijani city of Sumgait. The people I spoke with insisted that after the earthquake, Azerbaijanis refused to help, announcing that "Allah has finally heard us." Some claimed that trains from the neighboring Muslim republic were even scrawled with graffiti reading DECEMBER 7, HAPPY HOLIDAY! When I asked an airport official if he had seen any aid arrive from Azerbaijan, he responded, with a dismissive wave. "Even if they offered it, we can do very well without it."

Then I encountered George, a home-spun Armenian philosopher in a green nylon jacket decorated with a red-white-and-blue American sticker showing clasped hands. He told me of a relative in Lenakan who lost two children in the rubble; a third child had her legs severed at the knees. He reflected on Armenian hopes to regain Nagorno-Karabakh, the disputed Armenian enclave in Azerbaijan, and told how his six-year-old son can already sing patriotic songs about his Armenian homeland. "We already have had our share of grief this year," George said. "And now this new disaster promises us even more. But if you come back again this week, I will wait for you here. With a bottle of cognac. Life must go on in Armenia."



Diplomacy in bloom: from left, Botha, Crocker, Santos Franca and Quesada

ANGOLA

Flowers and Drinks All Around

A historic pact, eight years in the making, could bring peace

South African Foreign Minister Roelof ("Pik") Botha dips into his private stock of *witblits* (white lightning), a fiery homemade liqueur distilled from the berries of the wild marula tree, only on special occasions. So it was a sign of the heady mood in Brazzaville, the capital of Congo, that Botha broke out the good stuff last week. Botha and his fellow negotiators, who included U.S. Assistant Secretary of State Chester Crocker, Angolan Armed Forces Chief of Staff General Antonio dos Santos Franca and Cuban Deputy Foreign Minister Ricardo Alarcón de Quesada, were celebrating the signing of a historic protocol calling for independence for Namibia and the withdrawal of all Cuban troops from Angola. "A new era has begun," proclaimed Botha, who used the moment to strike a conciliatory note toward South Africa's neighbors. "We want to be accepted by our African brothers. We need each other."

The treaty, which will be formally signed this week in New York City, provides for the phased withdrawal of an estimated 50,000 Cuban troops. It also sets April 1 as the trigger date for the implementation of U.N. Resolution 435, which calls for Namibian independence and for supervised elections in the one-time German colony. The deal, delicately linking interests among all the participants, promises an end to two long-running conflicts: it caps the 13 years of hostilities between South Africa and Cuban-backed Angolan forces, and it clears the way for a cease-fire

in the 22-year-old war between the Angolan-based guerrillas of the South West Africa People's Organization and South African forces.

The agreement elicited warm praise from Cuba, Angola and the U.S., which sees the protocol as the fruit of nearly eight years of artful, arduous negotiation by Crocker—helped along toward the end by the new spirit of cooperation between Washington and Moscow. U.S. officials credit the Soviets for employing "cajolery and arm-twisting" that made the Cubans and Angolans more flexible, particularly during the crucial round of talks at which a withdrawal timetable

was worked out. SWAPO welcomed the accord but expressed doubts about South African intentions. The only guarantee of Pretoria's keeping its word after signing the agreement in New York, said a SWAPO official, is the "vigilance of the Namibian people."

South Africa, for its part, is concerned that the Cubans may find a way to avoid living up to their end of the bargain. Despite a stipulation in the Brazzaville protocol that Cuba and Angola will reach an agreement on verification arrangements subject to U.N. Security Council approval, Botha has pushed strongly for guarantees that no Cuban troops will remain in Angola after the deadline. The Brazzaville agreement also did not address the continued presence in Angola of bases manned by anti-South African fighters of the African National Congress.

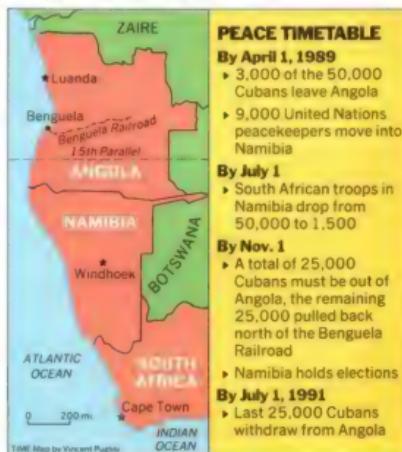
Another obstacle to peace may be Jonas Savimbi's forces. Since 1975, Savimbi's National Union for the Total Independence of Angola (UNITA), with U.S. and South African backing, has been waging guerrilla actions against the Marxist MPLA Angolan government. Savimbi has vowed that there will be no peace in Angola until he and his political movement become a recognized part of the MPLA government. "If not," warned UNITA spokesman Alcides Sakala, "we will intensify our struggle, we will continue the war."

There are indications, however, that the movement toward peace has taken on an irresistible momentum. A Cuban official at the Brazzaville signing reportedly said that South Africa had committed itself to ending aid to UNITA in exchange for Angola's assurance that it would no longer support ANC bases in the country. Botha declined comment. But there is little question that Angola will be under increasing pressure to find a solution to its civil war in the months ahead. And Botha hinted that such a deal was possible when he told reporters that the subject of ANC bases in Angola was "a bilateral issue between South Africa and Angola."

An end to the civil war would dovetail nicely with U.S. policy, which regards "national reunification" of Angola as the next priority in the region. "We have had a role in focusing African nations on the fact that getting foreign forces out of Angola doesn't solve the war," says a U.S. State Department official. "The MPLA knows that once this accord is signed, the noise from their neighbors to resolve the conflict will go from 30 to 180 decibels."

—By Guy D. Garcia

Reported by Ricardo Chavira/Washington and Peter Hawthorne/Johannesburg





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World Notes

FRANCE

On with His Head!

The verdict: not guilty. The accused, Louis XVI, rose from his gilded chair before the revolutionary tribunal and returned to his rightful place as ruler of France. At least, that is how it went last week in Paris during a made-for-television re-enactment of the luckless monarch's 1792-93 trial, staged as part of celebrations for the bicentennial of the Revolution. TV viewers, playing the jury, telephoned their votes to the TF1 network, which, along with *Le Figaro*,



TV's Louis XVI: not guilty

staged the re-enactment. The result: 55% decided that Louis should be acquitted of the charge of "conspiracy against public liberty and national security."

The trial took place in the town hall of the 14th Arrondissement. Actors clad in costumes played spectators, witnesses, judges and, of course, the King. Only the lawyers for both sides wore modern clothes—time travelers of sorts. The defense attorney was Jacques Vergès, well known for another unpopular case: last year he was chief counsel for former SS Commander Klaus Barbie, "the Butcher of Lyons," who was convicted of crimes against humanity during the Nazi occupation. Vergès' spirited argument last week, that Louis XVI was a victim of circumstances, fared better. ■

SWEDEN

"I Think We Have the Man"

The fruitless search for the killer of Olof Palme has been a source of national anguish for Sweden since the Prime Minister was gunned down in February 1986. Last week hopes rose that the hunt was at an end when the Stockholm District Court arraigned Christer Pettersson, 41, an underworld debt collector with a criminal record that includes manslaughter. Said deputy chief prosecutor Axel Morath: "I think we now have the man."

Once before, in 1986, Pettersson was questioned by the Palme investigation team, which has faced numerous charges of mismanagement. But the suspect was released for lack of evidence. This time wit-



Mourners at site of Palme's assassination in 1986; the suspect

nesses identified him as the mysterious "Grand Man" seen loitering outside the theater Palme and his wife attended the night of his death. And now Pettersson's roommate has undermined the suspect's alibi that he was on his way home at

the time of the shooting. Swedish newspaper reports say he possessed a large-caliber weapon and limped just as the assassin was seen to do while fleeing the scene of the murder. No motive for his alleged act has been announced. ■

BRITAIN

Commuters' Nightmare

Monday morning, 8:13. The daily commuter train out of the prosperous town of Basingstoke, 46 miles southwest of London, was idling a quarter-mile from Clapham Junction, Europe's busiest railway intersection, while driver Alex McClymont used trackside phone to report a faulty signal. Tragically, it was too late for that. McClymont, watched in helpless horror as a packed express train from the Channel

coast rounded the curve at 50 m.p.h. and sliced into the rear of the stopped train. Seconds later an empty passenger train on an adjacent track slammed into the wreckage.

It was the worst British train disaster in more than 20 years, killing 33 and injuring more than 110 of the 1,000 passengers aboard. Rescue workers labored for nearly five hours to free victims crushed by the wreckage. A senior British Rail official blamed a faulty connection between a 50-year-old signal box and modern equipment being installed to replace it. ■



Clapham Junction: the crash is blamed on a faulty signal

IRAN

A New Wave Of Executions

The war with Iraq is in a sputtering cease-fire, but violence and death have taken no rest in Iran. In a report released last week, Amnesty International cites "indisputable" evidence that Iran has unleashed a new wave of political executions. The London-based human-rights group says it has verified nearly 400 summary executions. The true total, observers fear, probably runs into the thousands.

The report claims the killings began in early August, when alleged supporters of the People's Mujahedin, a dissident Iranian group, were rounded up and hanged in public. Since then, factions vying for control of the regime appear to have increasingly used executions as a political weapon. "Do you think we should greet with sweets those who helped attack the Islamic Republic?" asked President Seyed Ali Khamene'i in a broadcast earlier this month. "They are condemned to death, and we will execute them." ■

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IMAGES



Italy's Alberto Tomba en route to two golds



Canada's Ben Johnson is No. 1 in the 100—briefly

Shipworkers strike in Poland; Hurricane Gilbert in Cancún; a new leader for Mexico . . .



Walking off the job in Gdansk



A Cuban freighter drops in unexpectedly



Carlos Salinas de Gortari winds up campaign

Bruce and Sting sing for liberty; France stays left; one result of a terrible accident . . .



The Boss and a friend on their Human Rights tour



François Mitterrand seeking votes in Martinique



Bodies from U.S.-downed Iranian jet in the gulf

The lady wins in Pakistan; the drought bites; and, oh, yes, there was an election.



Benazir Bhutto just before her triumph



A Texas rancher surveys the dry spell's toll



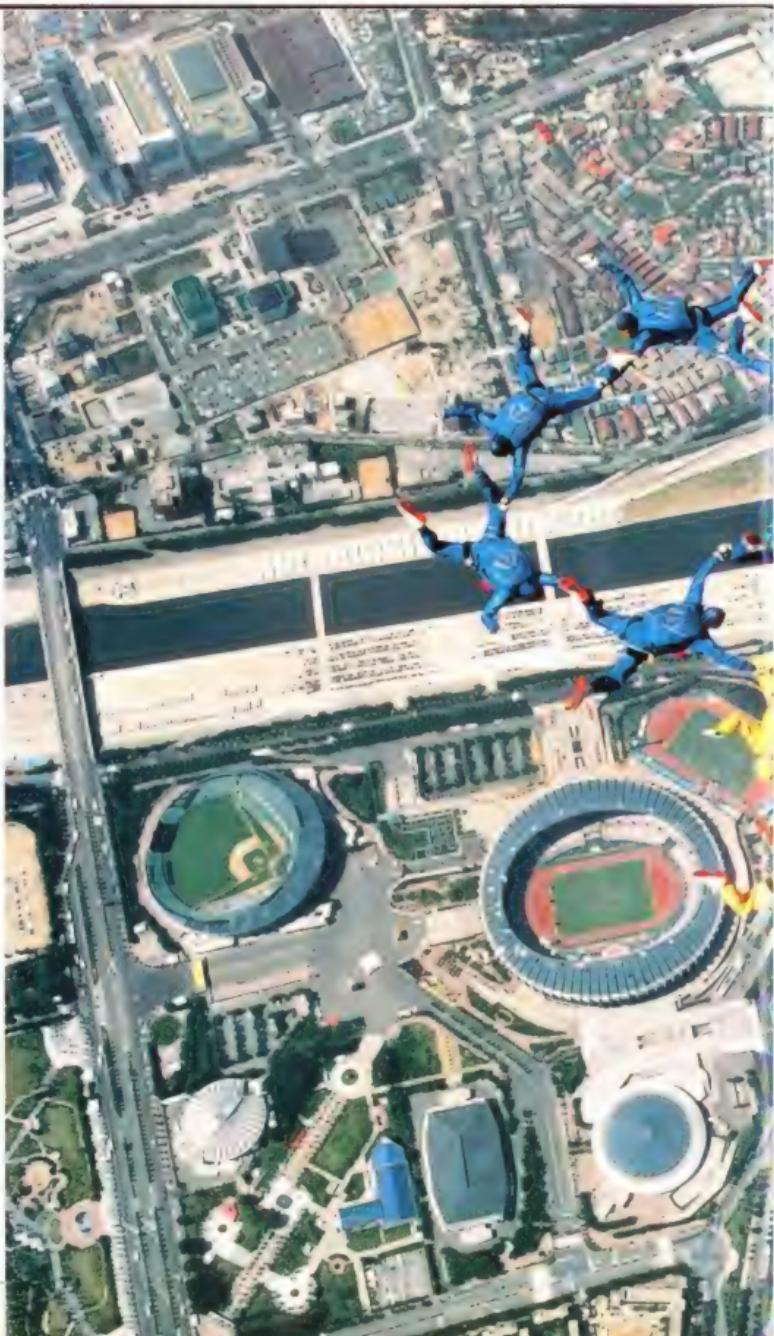
In Indiana, Dan Quayle faces the press

**Skydivers link up
to form the
five Olympic
rings 8,000 ft.
over Seoul
during opening
of Summer
Games**

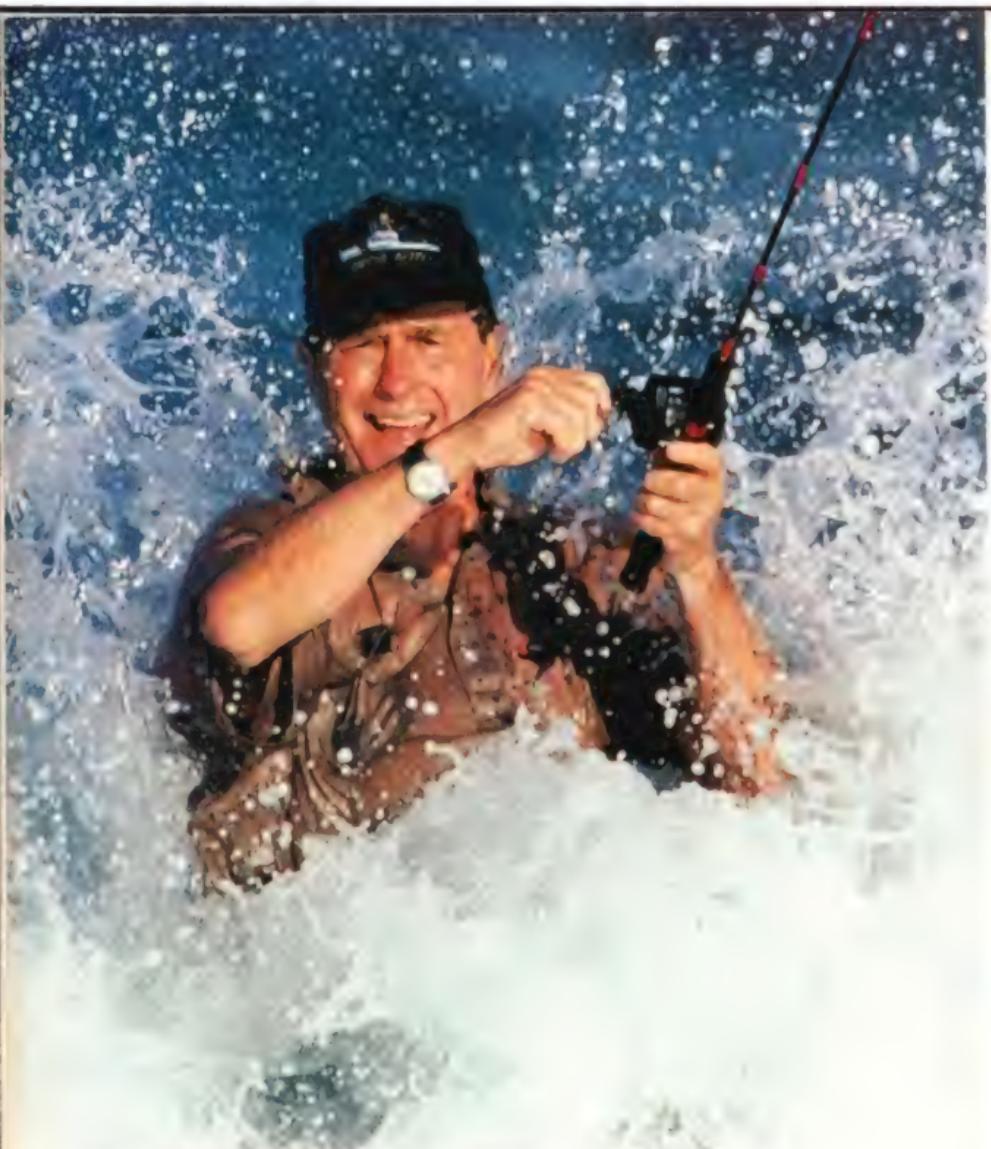
■ ■ I was never
so overwhelmed.
It's just an
amazing sense
of pride. ■ ■

U.S. BASKETBALL
COACH JOHN
THOMAS ON
OLYMPIC OPENING
CEREMONIES

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SAUNDERS, CANON
Free falling at 120 m.p.h.
Norman Kent snapped this
picture above Seoul's Han
River with a helmet-
mounted Hasselblad.





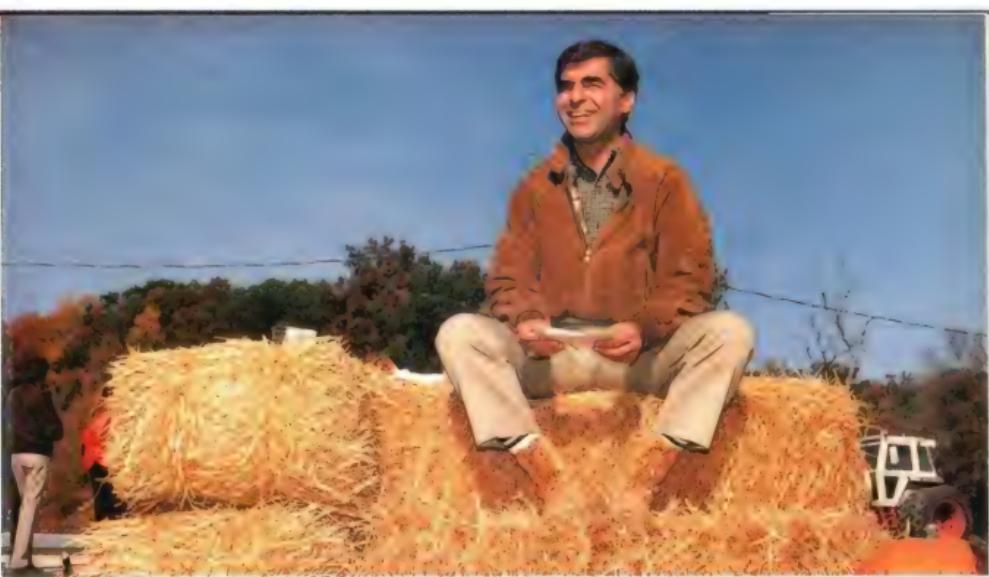


Having already reeled in a big one, the winner tries his luck in Florida's surf

Watch my smile. Watch my work. Watch how fast we go and where we go. ■■
PRESIDENT-ELECT GEORGE BUSH



ALLEN EYESTONE—PALM BEACH POST
Photographers were kept well distant from the relaxing President-elect, but a strong northerly current had pushed them into range of Eyestone's 300-mm lens.



As the campaign winds down, the underdog tries to make hay in Hull, Ill.

It's not over until it's over, and I mean it.

MICHAEL DUKAKIS ON THE STUMP

STEVE LIES
Courtesy of DUKAKIS CAMPAIGN FOR PRESIDENT. Lies traveled an estimated 400,000 miles and met 700,000 constituents during the campaign.

Stirring up his delegates at the Democratic Convention in Atlanta

I may not get there, but my children will.

JESSI JACKSON



BURT GLENN—MAGNUM
Glehn, who has never covering national political conventions since he photographed Harry Truman for the Midwest Committee in 1948, kept both Jackson and the sea of signs in focus for three days by using 36mm telephoto and shooting with a fast Nikon 300-mm lens.



**Missing a huge
chunk of its
roof, an Aloha
Airlines 737
lands in Maui**

■ ■ I give credit to the pilot. He brought that plane down so smoothly. It was just like riding in a Cadillac. ■ ■

PASSENGER JOHN LOPEZ



ROBERT NICHOLS—BLACK STAR
A total cat-and-mouse job.
Passenger John Lopez (left)
had to run from the terminal, and
then up his Cessna Star Shot to
record this arrival.



Charred skeleton of French Airbus A320 lies near a Swiss border town after crash that killed three

I wanted to boost the power, but the aircraft did not respond.

THE PILOT, DAZED BUT UNHARMED

Dominique Aubert & Patricia Robert - SIGMA
The two photographers, 300 miles away in Paris at the time of the crash, rented a helicopter to fly them directly to the site for this aerial view.



Discovery rolls toward pad for first U.S. shuttle launch since loss of Challenger

“America is back in space. I think I had my fingers crossed like everybody else.”

PRESIDENT REAGAN
AFTER LIFT-OFF



WALTER JOHNSON—

PHOTOGRAPHY GROUP

To achieve this dramatic headlight effect, Johnson waited alone in the dark parking lot for Discovery to eclipse the spotlights





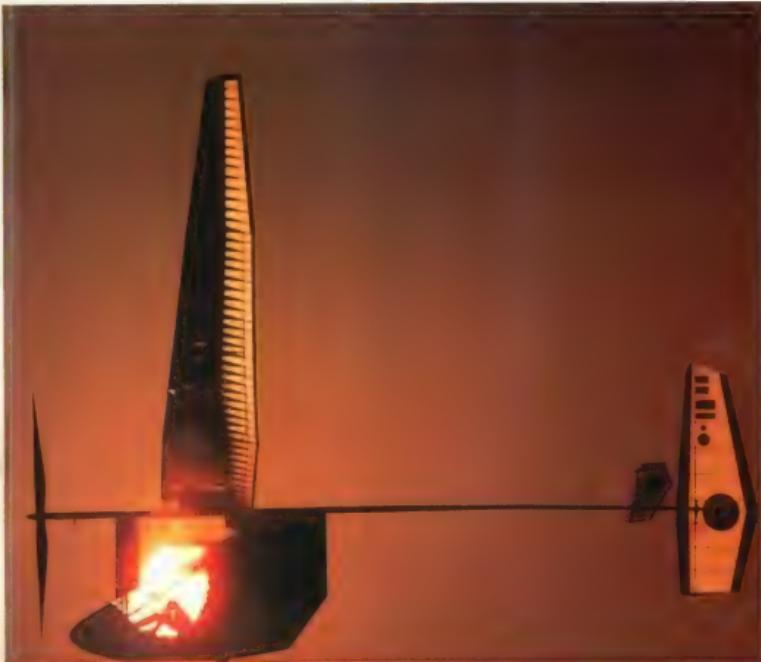
**Fireworks over
Sydney Harbor
mark the 200th
birthday of
Australia**

¶ ¶ Remember what we owe to the people who have been before us. ¶ ¶

PRIME MINISTER HAWKE ON THE ABORIGINES



ROBERT GARVEY,
BLACK STAR
Garvey has selected his vantage point well in advance; but so great was the crowd of people in the harbor, Sydney, he was afraid to stay there until a Royal Navy launch came to fetch him across the harbor.



**Cyclist Kanellos
Kanellopoulos
props
Daedalus 88
74 miles from
Crete to
Santorini**

¶ ¶ The sky is open, and by that way will I go. Though Minos rules over all, he does not rule the air. ¶ ¶

DAEDALUS, IN OVID'S
METAMORPHOSES



CHARLES O'NEIL—
#1 ST LIGHT
O'Neil covered the takeoff and landing on the ground and most of the flight in a small plane, but for this frame he kept a speedboat and shot the craft from water level.

Botched maneuver causes history's worst air-show disaster: 70 dead in West Germany

■ I saw this little boy just standing there. His hair was all singed, and the skin was coming off his face.

U.S. AIRMAN
AT RAMSTEIN,
SITE OF CRASH



LAURENT BENARDON - SIPA
A downed F-104 Starfighter pilot who was
conscious enough to photograph a
plane flying over him. Benardon had shot this
spectacular "miss through the nose" (that is, the meetings
of two aircraft) just before the accident. He
was conscious after the accident, however, through the
nerves. This time he got away with it, but many others from the
French air force were not so lucky.



MANN EGARDA - SIPA
The Ramstein airshow's star attraction, an
oversize jet 30 ft. long, has a
broken wing normally used like
a rudder. It was flying at 100 ft. above
the ground when it came down.
The plane exploded on impact, killing
both the meeting pilot and the
flying operator in a few
seconds. It may have helped to avoid the worst.





Soviet troops and armor head home as a bloody nine-year war winds down

Small Afghanistan has triumphed over the wild Soviet bear.

MUJAHEDIN RESISTANCE LEADER



ROBERT MICHAELBERG
Eager to publicize the troop withdrawal, the Soviets tracked journalists to the site and gave them free rein to move around the column of personnel carriers preparing to leave Kabul.



Jubilant Iraqi soldier in Fao celebrates a victory over Iranian forces

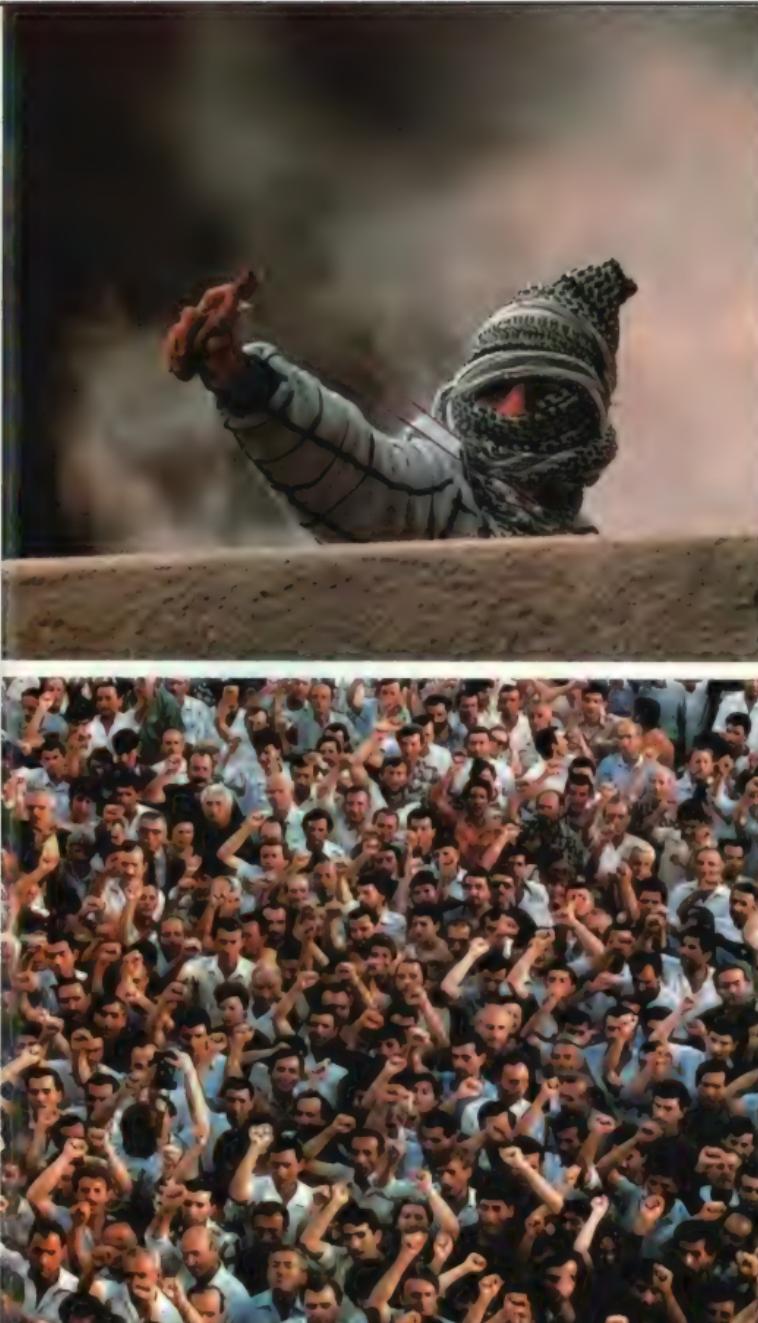
Making this decision was more deadly than drinking poison.

AYATULLAH KHUMAYNI ON ORDERING END TO EIGHT-YEAR WAR



ERIC BOUVET
GAMMA-LIAISON
Eager to advertise their triumph in Fao, the Iraqis permitted reporters and photographers by plane, helicopter and boat to within half a mile of Iranian positions.





**Palestinian
youth in Israeli-
held West Bank
carries on the
*intifadeh***

¶ The continued occupation of the West Bank and Gaza and the frustration of Palestinian rights is a dead-end street. ¶

U.S. SECRETARY
OF STATE
GEORGE SHUBERT



JACQUES TORREGANO—SIPA
Torregano, a former fashion
photographer, was created
behind a small wall between
two buildings in Ramallah and
was watching when a stone
was thrown at him and
was hit in the head.

**Armenian
demonstrators
in Yerevan
demand self-
determination**

¶ This is a
crusade, a flow
that can't be
stopped. There
are rivers of
people. ¶

MUSILIAN IN YEREVAN



JEAN VEREMIAN—SIPA
As editor-in-chief of the French
monthly *Armenia*, Armenian
begin taking pictures to
save money.



Catholic mourners in Northern Ireland beat and shot to death two off-duty British soldiers who strayed into cortège

I've no love for those that done it. But it's a vicious circle. Some poor Catholic will get it done to her just because she's Catholic.

BELFAST PROTESTANT WHOSE HOUSE WAS BURNED IN WAKE OF KILLINGS



FERNANDO AIZTANDA - INTERPHOTO
As the violence unfolded, Aiztanda shot the pictures "automatically, almost like a robot," retelling what he had captured until the film was processed, says his editor.



**Kurdish victims
frozen in death
after Iraq bombed
its own Iranian-
held village with
poison gas**

The cork
is out of the
bottle.

CHIMICAL
WEAPONS EXPERT



PANAJIAN OZTURK — Sipa
An experienced war photographer,
Ozturk could not help weeping as
he filmed the horror at Halabja.





**Fires that charred
995,000 acres of
Yellowstone Park create
an infernal tableau near
Old Faithful Inn, which
escaped damage**

All is not lost. In addition to all the minuses, there's another side. The park will come back. **THE PARK SUPERINTENDENT**
ROBERT BARBERI



ALAN & SANDY CAREY - SHOMA
After waiting two days for the night respite from smoke and flames over Old Faithful, the Careys' wheelchair-bound dog, a rooky outcropping when driven far beyond the trail before them to escape, they had to dash through a field of jagged broken glass.





Eskimos pat
snout of one of
two surviving
gray whales
trapped in ice as
rescuers cut
string of
breathing holes
to the sea

Every time
we are made
more aware that
we share this
planet with other
organisms, it
brings us into the
web of life.

WHALE EXPERT
JOHN HALL



CHARLES MASON

BALCK & SONS

Photo by Charles Mason. © The
Farmers' Edge News-Miner
spent ten days covering the
whales and suffered physical
exhaustion and dehydration.



When The Chairman Of Nestlé
Travels On Business, Who Does
He Turn To In A Crunch?



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**Prince Charles
and younger son
Harry, 3, fishing
in Scotland**

¶ It wasn't long before the heir presumptive became very presumptive. And the heir apparent became rather more apparent than he had been. ¶

LONDON
DAILY EXPRESS

LEFT: ROBBIE—NURN
SYNTHESIS

Black stalked the river for two weeks until he saw them along the River Dee. Then, using a net, Robbie snared a salmon and caught the prince with a 500-millimetre



**Snack time for
Moloko, first
California
condor
conceived in
captivity**

¶ This represents a big step back from the brink of extinction. ¶

INTERIOR SECRETARY
DONALD HORN

DAIG RADGUT—ZOOLOGICAL
SOCIETY OF SAN DIEGO
In winter, naming the chick.
Radgut would have inside a
skin-trap beneath a single
hole for the camera's looking into
the incubator, by communicating
with the keeper via sign language.





The battling
Tysons before
their acrimonious
split

If you want
to grow up real
quick, get
married. ♦♦
THE HEAVYWEIGHT
CHAMP

LORI GRINKER—CONTACT

Televangelist
Jimmy Swaggart
tearfully
confessing
(on TV)

I do not call
it a mistake, a
mendacity. I call
it sin. I have no
one but myself
to blame. ♦♦

SWAGGART

ROB NELSON—
PICTURE GROUP



Crucifixion
scene from *The
Last Temptation
of Christ*

What I've
tried to create
is a Jesus who,
in a sense, is just
like any other guy
in the street. In
his struggle to
find God, he
reflects all our
struggles. ♦♦

DIREC: TONI MARTIN
SCORSESE

NELSON SOLIZ—SYNMA
An extra helps a Roman soldier
in the Mini-Jesus that plays
between takes in Alfonso



Ronald Reagan
and Mikhail
Gorbachev
politicking in
Red Square

There is good chemistry between us. I think that through this succession of summits there is a better understanding.

RONALD REAGAN





The President, in
a rare outing,
follows through
on a wood shot
at Palm Springs,
Calif.

It is a state
secret. ■■

WHITE HOUSE
SPONSOR: ARCO
SPEAKER AND REAGAN'S
GOLF SCHEDULE AND
HANDICAP



SUSAN BIDDLE
THE WHITE HOUSE
Photographer/photographer
Biddle, whose pictures won the
1988 Pulitzer Prize, caught the
President in a moment
of intense concentration.

At a California
campaign stop, a
young fan
flashes an
epitaph for the
Reagan era



DIRK HAUSTEDT
Halstedt, who has covered the
White House for TIME,
says of Reagan: "You
can't be sure if he's
smiling or scowling in the presence of stat-
ue-quality."



FAREWELLS



Charles Addams, 76

CARTOONIST

"His work is essentially a denial of all spiritual and physical evolution in the human race."

Wolcott Gibbs in foreword to the collection. Addams and Evil



Milton Caniff, 81

CARTOONIST

"Stick to your inkpots, kid, actors don't eat regularly."

A veteran cartoonist, writing Caniff, creator of Terry and the Pirates and Steve Canyon, to avoid the stage.



John Carradine, 82

ACTOR

"Nature has not endowed me with the physical requirements for the leading man. Besides, villains are more interesting."

Carradine, who was in some 500 films



Billy Carter, 51

PRESIDENT'S BROTHER

"My mother joined the Peace Corps at 70; my sister Gloria is a motorcycle racer ... my brother thinks he's going to be President. I'm really the only normal one in the family."



Richard Feynman, 69

PHYSICIST

"The first principle is that you must not fool yourself—and you are the easiest person to fool."

The 1965 Nobelist in his book, Surely You're Joking, Mr. Feynman!



Robert A. Heinlein, 80

SCIENCE-FICTION WRITER

"He has raised science fiction from the gutter of pulp space opera to the altitude of breathtaking concepts."

A fellow writer on the author of Stranger in a Strange Land



John Houseman, 86

ACTOR WRITER PRODUCER

"When he spoke, he had roughly the authority of God, and probably the same eyebrows."

Academ's description



Trevor Howard, 71

ACTOR

"I don't know how it started or why. Could it be because I felt better when I was someone else?"

On his choice of a career



Carl Hubbell, 85

BASEBALL PITCHER

"Baseball is the only game that calls for every skill from normal-sized people ... Fans identify with baseball."

The Hall of Famer, who had five straight 20-win seasons.



Robert Joffrey, 57

BALLET-TROUPE FOUNDER

"I gave them ballerinas in sneakers and modern dancers in toe shoes, jiving to Vivaldi and pirouetting to the Beach Boys."



Louis L'Amour, 80

AUTHOR OF WESTERNS

"I like a big old hen. I can't cluck too much about the egg. I've just laid because five more are planned to come out."

In all, he wrote 101 books, with 200 million copies in print.

Dome® Business Update.

Tortoise Shell Glasses

Glasses should convey an image for the 90's, not the 80's. Even Sting wears them. Worn with clear lenses, they're "attitude glasses."

Tailored Knit Suit

Those stuffy pinstripes and bow-tied blouses have died of boredom. Today, bright colors are in. Be an individual, not a clone.

Oversized Soft Case

Forget your old, rigid briefcase. Today's cases hold shoes, workout clothes, and take-home work. The small bag holds necessities only; make sure you wear it across the shoulder, European style.

Choose Your Hemline

Now it can stop at any length. Up-to-date means comfortable and good-looking, and the choice is yours.

Low or Flat-Heeled Shoes

In the early 80's, you commuted in sneakers and combed in high heels. Today one pair of good looking, comfortable shoes can take you through the entire day.

Cotton T-Shirt

Standard issue. Now it can be worn with just about anything.

Wall Street Journal

Always fashionable in the business world, it can also hide your current copy of Rolling Stone.

Dome Bookkeeping Records

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The Spalding Executive*

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Executive's Pro-Fit shaft provides a low kick point to help get the ball up.

All of which means your shots will begin to soar—instead of your blood pressure. And if you buy a set of Executives right now, you'll get an Executive putter free.

(For those shots you *have* to keep on the ground.) So look for the Spalding Executive at your golf shop. Then look for your ball up in the air.



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get an Executive putter free.

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*Based on an average of owner-reported problems in a series of surveys of '81-'88 models designed and built in North America.
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**Frederick Loewe, 86**

COMPOSER

"I was always amazed how good we were and how simple it was."

Loewe on the late Alan Jay Lerner, with whom he wrote My Fair Lady, Brigadoon and Camelot

**Joshua Logan, 79**

DIRECTOR

"The whole damn theater is alive and vibrating when Josh is at work."

Oscar Hammerstein, who shared 1950 Pulitzer with Logan and Richard Rodgers for South Pacific

**Georgi Malenkov, 86**

SOVIET PREMIER

"Malenkov was just an errand boy."

Nikita Khrushchev, who ousted him as Premier and Communist Party leader in 1955, two years after Stalin's death

**John Mitchell, 75**

U.S. ATTORNEY GENERAL

"The big enchilada."

Nixon aide John Ehrlichman's famous sobriquet for the only American Attorney General to be imprisoned

**Louise Nevelson, 88**

SCULPTOR

"She transformed junkyards of secular carpentry into almost sacred altarpieces."

At Historian Robert Rosenblum

**Christina Onassis, 37**

HEIRESS

"The cycle of tragedy closed. Christina Onassis found no happiness in four marriages and her multimillions."

*Athena days
Apogevmatismos*

**Alan Paton, 85**

SOUTH AFRICAN AUTHOR

"I have one great fear in my heart; that one day when they turn to loving, they will find we are turned to hating."

The black priest Msimangu in Cry, the Beloved Country

**H.A.R. ('Kim') Philby, 76**

BRITISH TRAITOR

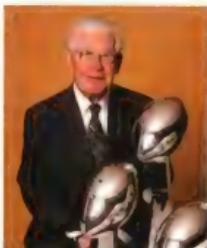
"To betray, you must first belong. I never belonged."

**Isidor Isaac Rabi, 89**

PHYSICIST

"The new powers represented a threat to all forms of life. My concern was to help to contain these dangers."

The 1944 Nobel Prize winner on the atomic force he helped develop

**Art Rooney, 87**

FOOTBALL TEAM OWNER

"It didn't matter whether he was talking to the Pope or a bum on the street. He treated everybody the same."

Terry Bradshaw, whistled Rooney's Pittsburgh Steelers to four titles

**Franz Josef Strauss, 73**

WEST GERMAN POLITICIAN

"He thought in great perspectives and broad horizons."

West German President Richard von Weizsäcker on the Bavarian bull

**Mohammed Zia ul-Haq, 64**

PAKISTANI PRESIDENT

"I am a dictator. But I am not out to destroy Pakistan. My mission is to make it a better and more prosperous nation."



Birth of a jumbo: at Boeing's 747 assembly hangar in Everett, Wash., a United Airlines passenger plane takes shape

Business

Up, Up and Away

Commercial-jet builders are riding a \$43 billion boom in new orders

As millions of air travelers embark on holiday flights this week, some of them will be flying on jetliners fresh off the assembly line. And in the near future more and more passengers will be boarding shiny new planes, because the three big commercial-aircraft builders—Boeing, McDonnell Douglas and Europe's Airbus—have been enjoying a Christmassy sales rush all year long. Airlines around the world, spurred by growing passenger volume and the need to replace hundreds of aging 1960s-era jets, have embarked on an unprecedented shopping spree, ordering more than 976 new jets worth a record \$43 billion so far in 1988.

For passengers, the buying binge will mean bigger, quieter and more comfortable planes. Airlines, for their part, will save on operating costs with the new fuel-efficient jets, which feature advanced computerized flight systems. With so many airplanes to build, though, the booming aerospace companies will face some fresh concerns: how to meet their delivery schedules and still ensure that their quality control does not slip.

The backlog of airliner orders already totals 1,102 at Boeing, 555 at Airbus and 320 at Douglas. A carrier that orders a jet today will have to wait as long as three

years for delivery. Phoenix-based America West Airlines, which ordered 25 Boeing 737s and 757s last week, will take delivery of the first one in 1992. The jet-building boom may well last a decade or more. One Douglas study estimates that 2,500 commercial airliners—40% of the world's commercial-jet fleet of 6,200 planes—will be retired during the next 15 years.

Air carriers need the planes to keep up with worldwide passenger travel, which is growing some 7% a year and backing up taxiways at airports from Hong Kong to Dallas. To cope with the crowding, carriers are buying larger aircraft, reducing the number of individual flights. A new midrange Boeing 767, which carries as many as 260 travelers, can replace two smaller 727s or Douglas DC-9s.

At the same time, airlines have increased their vigilance against the danger of overstressed, older planes since an incident last April, when the fuselage of a 1969-vintage Aloha Airlines 737 peeled open at 24,000 ft. The average age of a 5,253 planes in the U.S. fleet is 14 years; some 43% of jets were built more than 20 years ago. Another shopping incentive for U.S. carriers: tighter noise regulations. The newest jets are as much as 30% quieter than their predecessors.

The resulting frenzy of plane ordering

this year should bring a long-running bonanza for all three airliner builders.

BOEING. Nearly every day, a silvery aluminum-skinned Boeing airliner rolls out of one of the company's four giant hangars in suburban Seattle and is sprayed with the colors of its new owner: red and blue for American, yellow and blue for Lufthansa, emerald green for Aer Lingus. The world's largest aircraft manufacturer (a record \$29 billion in orders this year, up from \$20 billion in 1987) is stepping up production, from 25 jetliners a month to 32.

Airlines using hub-and-spoke route patterns have made Boeing's medium-range 737, which has a passenger capacity of 146, the best-selling airplane in history. More than 1,600 are now flown by 141 airlines, and 600 more are on order at a base price of \$20 million each. For longer and more heavily traveled routes, carriers are buying twin-engine 757s, which cost about \$40 million and carry as many as 220 passengers, and the larger 767s (\$58 million). The big-money behemoth of the line is Boeing's 747 jumbo jet (\$135 million), for which the manufacturer has 172 orders.

AIRBUS. The 18-year-old European aerospace consortium still loses money on every plane it sells, but its British, French,

West German and Spanish co-owners have been willing to subsidize costs in order to develop a robust European aircraft industry. Airbus is eclipsing Douglas as the world's second largest jetmaker. One reason: the manufacturer outfits its jet cockpits with advanced flight-control systems that are not yet available on most U.S.-made airliners. By constantly monitoring flight conditions, the Airbus onboard computers help cut maintenance and fuel costs.

Airlines have bought 176 of the consortium's A310 wide bodies (\$59 million; 218 passengers) since 1983, and 86 of the larger, twin-engine A300-600s (\$68 million; 267 passengers). The hottest-selling Airbus jet is the medium-range A320, the first commercial airliner in which the cockpit is connected to flaps and rudders strictly by computer rather than by hydraulic or mechanical means. More than 400 of the planes have been ordered. (The crash of an Air France A320 during a demonstration flight last June was not the result of any flaw in the aircraft. Investigators concluded.)

MCDONNELL DOUGLAS. As a result of the buying binge, Douglas has added a million square feet of factory space to its 7 million-sq.-ft. commercial-jetliner division in Long Beach, Calif. The only Douglas product available at the moment is a medium-range workhorse called the MD-80 (\$27 million; 150 passengers), an updated version of its venerable twin-engine DC-9. Douglas has delivered 553 of the newer model to some 41 airlines, and has orders for 275 more. The company is helping build a similar jet, the MD-82, in Shanghai, China's state airline, CAAC, plans to use the aircraft on its domestic routes. Under a \$600 million licensing agreement with the Chinese government, the California firm is providing the parts for 25 of the jets.

The plane-ordering boom has ensured enough orders for the takeoff of the company's once doubtful MD-11. A longer and more fuel-efficient version of the company's phased-out DC-10 line, the \$100 million MD-11 has pulled in 47 orders, and gives Douglas a rival to the larger Boeing and Airbus models.

Boeing seems assured of maintaining its dominance of the commercial-airliner market, commanding about a 60% share. As the largest exporter of U.S.-manufactured products, Boeing through its sales contributes not only to Washington State's economy but to the U.S. trade position as well. Foreign airlines have placed some 60%, or \$50 billion worth, of the company's current order backlog.

Despite their bright prospects, the three manufacturers have been cautious about expanding their commercial production facilities in response to the orders. They know that a recession could cause a rash of order cancellations, though the volume of orders



from foreign flag carriers lessens that risk. Most important is a concern that corners might be cut as production speeds up. British Airways, Japan Air Lines and other Boeing customers have complained about sloppy work on some aircraft produced in the past three years. The company may face criminal charges in Japan because of faulty Boeing repairs that led to the 1985 crash of a Japan Air Lines 747 in which 520 passengers and crew members died.

Boeing officials insist that they have tightened quality controls. Says Richard Albrecht, Boeing vice president for sales: "You can make mistakes when



you try to send out a lot of jets." In response to the complaints, he adds, "we have done a lot more training of new people than we used to do."

Particular care is necessary in building complex new airliners like the Boeing 747-400. The cockpit crew will rely on the plane's computer to monitor more than 600 gauges, digital meters and other gadgets—more instrumentation than the



space shuttle contains. But the airlines are not the only ones who will have to wait in line for their new planes. So will President-elect Bush. The new Air Force One, a 747-200, will not arrive at Andrews Air Force Base until next November, a year behind schedule.

—By Janice Castro
Reported by Edwin M. Reingold/Seattle and Christopher Redman/Paris

BIGGEST IN THE SKY

Boeing's new 747-400, which is expected to begin service in January, can carry as many as 412 passengers on flights of 7,400 miles. Its 62-ft. upper deck contains 42 first-class seats and a stand-up bar.

EUROPE'S PRIDE

The Airbus A320 is the most computerized jetliner on the market and is the fastest-selling new plane as well. Built for medium-range use, the craft carries 150 passengers and goes for \$35 million.

SON OF DC-10

The first McDonnell Douglas MD-11 will be delivered in April 1990, 20 years after the debut of its predecessor. The three-engine craft will be able to carry 276 passengers up to 8,000 miles nonstop.

Business Notes

Apartheid protests

Strike Up The Boycott

Since last summer, Charles Laquidara has interrupted his rock-'n'-roll rap on Boston's WBZN-FM to urge commuters to boycott Shell Oil. Pointing out that an affiliate of the Royal Dutch/Shell Group supplies fuel to South Africa's army and police, the deejay has persuaded more than 1,000 listeners to cut up their Shell credit cards.

Laquidara won his biggest convert last week when Mayor Ray Flynn signed an order making Boston the first U.S. city to ban municipal purchases of Shell products. The move is largely symbolic: the city has done only \$2,500 in business with Shell in two years. Calling the action "misguided," a Shell spokesman said the company has been a strong antiapartheid voice in South Africa. Boston was joined by Berkeley, whose city council ordered a similar boycott of Shell. ■

DIAGNOSTICS

An Instant AIDS Test

For many people, the AIDS epidemic is a grim waiting game: they wait for the fateful diagnosis, wait for help, wait for a cure. Now at least part of the delay may be cut short. Cambridge BioScience of Worcester, Mass., announced last week that it has received approval from the U.S. Food and Drug Administration to market a blood test that will indicate in five minutes whether a person is infected with the AIDS virus, vs. several hours for the standard laboratory measure. The BioScience product, which will not be sold to consumers, is expected to help time-pressed doctors and nurses in emergency rooms or on transplant teams. ■



Musburger: ready for the diamond

TELEVISION

Keeping Its Eye On the Ball

Faithful viewers of CBS may soon take its initials to mean Clobbered By Sports. The No. 3-ranked network already



Cutting the cards: deejay Laquidara's crusade converted Boston

holds rights to National Football League and National Basketball Association games. Last week CBS offered \$1.1 billion to win a bidding war for the priciest TV sports contract ever: a four-year pro-baseball package that will include the World Series, the league championships, the All-Star game and twelve regular-season contests. That works out to a maximum of 136 games over the four-year span, or a heady \$8 million per event. The odds-on candidate for announcing duties: Brent Musburger.

CBS hopes its rights to the pennant games and the fall classic will deliver an audience that can be regarded with the network's new prime-time programming, which badly needs bucking up. Last week CBS canceled four of its eight new prime-time shows because of poor ratings. ■

INVESTIGATIONS

The Harder They Fall

In its ability to topple the mighty, Tokyo's widening stock scandal is turning into a Japanese version of Watergate. Since July, when the daily newspaper *Asahi Shimbun* accused 76 highly placed political and business leaders of unethical trading in shares of the real estate firm Recruit Cosmopolitan, 20 people implicated in the scheme have given up their posts. Last week Hisashi Shinoto, 78, chairman of the giant firm Nippon Telegraph & Telephone, resigned after admitting that his bank account contained \$73,000 in profits from the Recruit deal. Just five days earlier, Finance Minister Keiichi Miyazawa had departed under a similar cloud. ■



Slipped disks: sorting LPs at a pressing plant in Hauppauge, N.Y.

RECORDINGS

Alas, 33 1/3 Joins 16 and 78

The long-playing 33 1/3-r.p.m. record is suddenly spinning toward antiquity, just like the old 78-r.p.m. platter it replaced back in 1948. LPs hold just 10% of the U.S. market for recorded music, in contrast to 52% for cassettes and 34% for compact discs. In the first half of this year, manufacturers shipped only \$303 million in LPs, down 23% from the same period in 1987. Some record labels, including Warner Bros.

and EMI, no longer maintain some titles in LP versions. Several classical labels, notably Deutsche Grammophon and CBS Masterworks, sell most new releases only in cassette and CD. In Japan CDs have already captured 50% of the market.

While the 80 million turntables in U.S. homes will ensure a lingering market for LPs, customers may have to scrounge for them on the back shelves of record stores. Says Teddy Allweil, manager of a Record Explosion shop in Manhattan: "After this Christmas, LPs are finished." ■

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Interview

OF WAR AND POLITICS

Admiral **WILLIAM CROWE**, America's top military man, assesses Gorbachev's troop-reduction proposal and reflects on the role of the peacetime soldier

Few people listened more closely to Mikhail Gorbachev's announcement of a unilateral cut of 500,000 in the Soviet armed forces than the Chairman of the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff. On issues as disparate as the START negotiations and military involvement in the Persian Gulf, William Crowe (rhymes with howt, 63, ultimately speaks for the Army, Navy, Air Force and Marines as the President's top uniformed adviser. TIME senior correspondent Bruce van Voorst talked with him in his Pentagon office.

Q. What are the military consequences of Gorbachev's proposal?
A. If he makes good on his promise, I would consider it a very welcome move. The reductions he's proposing do not redress the conventional balance in Europe, but removing tank divisions, cutting people and taking out some of the "offensive" systems like bridging equipment will change the military calculus. This could be significant, particularly in terms of warning time. Personally, I suspect he'll go through with it.

Q. Why did he go for a unilateral cut?
A. I see this in terms of Gorbachev's larger goals. He wants to improve the economic situation, and for this he needs time, stability and foreign capital.

Q. To become a greater threat to the West?
A. That depends. My instincts are that he cannot do the things that are necessary to genuinely improve the nation's economy and still have it remain an autocratic Communist society. He will have to decentralize authority, educate his citizenry more broadly; he's got to initiate data-processing systems and information networks throughout the country. He must increase international contacts. When you do that, you play with the guts of the system.

Q. Has Gorbachev seized the diplomatic initiative from the West?
A. There's always that danger. But in fact his unilateral action affirms the wisdom of what we've been doing. He appears to have decided that massive military investments do not give him a suitable return, because the West is deter-

mined not to be intimidated. We've said all along the Soviets have more military than they need. He's responding to our agenda. But we're dealing with a first-rate politician, and he's bound to harvest some political goodwill.

Q. You were host to Chief of Staff Marshal Sergei Akhromeyev this summer and found him very congenial, but suddenly he's retired, and it is rumored he's at odds with Gorbachev.

A. Marshal Akhromeyev invited me to a reciprocal visit but cautioned that he might retire by then. He's 65, was wounded in the war and mentioned his health. I presume he'll remain a key military adviser. He's sent word that the General Staff looks forward to receiving me next summer as planned.

Q. But does he disagree with Gorbachev's unilateral troop reduction?

A. Instinctively, I don't think so. He's a strong supporter of Gorbachev's *perestroika*. In our talks he emphasized that for the arms process to be effective, both sides must make concessions. He is aware of the need to reduce asymmetries, but emphasized that both sides must take steps to ameliorate them. I can't imagine he took such vigorous exception to the Gorbachev proposal that he would resign over that.

Q. You know that other elements of the U.S. Government were not overjoyed at the Chairman "negotiating" with the Soviets.

A. I wasn't negotiating anything. But if better relations are to be achieved, the military should participate in and contribute to the process. If you say that only the State Department can talk to the Soviets, then, given the stakes, the multiplicity of contacts and the complexity of the issues, I must disagree. You know, senior military commanders deal all the time in diplomacy. The commanders in Europe and the Pacific go to country after country and are welcomed by heads of state and government officials and talk about a lot more than military affairs.

Q. It's widely said you are the most powerful military figure in U.S. peacetime history. Is this a fair judgment?

A. I'm an "adviser." The implication of your question is that I'm making all these decisions and directing everything. In fact, in our system, my military advice is rendered, but it is always only one element. I must defend my views; I don't get a free ride because of my office. There are a lot of disappointments, even for the Chairman.

Q. You seem to be much more than a military adviser. With your Princeton Ph.D. and negotiating experience, you're the classic "diplomat-warrior."

A. The No. 1 thing I took from my graduate education is that there are political dimensions to everything. Akhromeyev mentioned that he came to office without any political training. He suggested that my broad background must be helpful as Chairman. That was his perception, and he's right.

Q. Did the widespread criticism of the Persian Gulf reflagging operation distress you?

A. Not the opposition per se, but the shallow understanding of what we were trying to do. There were a lot more political merits than was widely understood by critics. In tes-

A black and white portrait of Admiral Elmo Zumwalt. He is wearing a dark naval officer's uniform with a high standing collar. On his collar are several small, colorful patches or insignia. He has four gold stripes on his sleeve, indicating the rank of admiral. He is looking slightly to the right of the camera with a faint smile.

"We've said all along the Soviets have more military than they need. He's responding to our agenda."

tifying before Congress. I found myself focusing more and more on the political ramifications. That wasn't my original intent. But—and that's the whole point of this diplomatic-warrior business—there was no way to separate the political from the military.

There are no solely military solutions. So we need warriers who can operate in the policy world as well. It's the same within the military. We need broad-based fighters. We need managers too. The Pentagon spends huge sums developing and producing new weapons systems. That has to be done well. Our challenge is to develop leaders who can fight and manage and fighters who can contribute to policymaking. We have to develop a promotion system that recognizes all those talents. A man can be a first-class warrior, but if he can't function in the policy arena, that's a serious deficiency in higher commands.

Q. But the system doesn't recognize initiative.

A. That's not necessarily true. I am always looking for innovative people. In Viet Nam I was running the riverboat operation, and two kinds of people showed up. One asked for the tactical doctrine on how to operate those boats. When we said there wasn't any, he froze. That man was

useless. Another type would say, "You mean nobody knows how to do this?", and "I know as much as anybody!" And when I said yes, he'd say, "Hot dog!" and go off and do it. That guy was great.

Q. How does an Oklahoma kid become a Navy admiral?

A. As a young kid I read a boy's book about Annapolis, and this triggered a lifetime fascination with the Navy. My father had been a Navy man—radio operator on the battleship *Pennsylvania* in World War I—and he thought going to the Naval Academy was great. Later, when Admiral [Hyman] Rickover made fun of my going to graduate school, I persisted. I recall Dad saying that if you run a ship aground in the Navy, that's the end, but if you get a Ph.D., they can't take it away.

Q. Has it harmed your Navy career to be so involved in diplomacy?

A. At one time I was slated to command a cruiser when Admiral [JCS Chairman] Tom Moorer asked me to serve on the team negotiating the end of the Micronesian Trust. I objected, but to no avail. I received a nice letter from [chief of Naval Operations] Admiral [Elmo] Zumwalt explaining that this was necessary because we have many naval offi-

Interview

cers who can command a cruiser but only a few who can participate effectively in international negotiations.

Q. Did that hurt?

A. I was devastated. It was nice to know Zumwalt thought well of me, but I was a captain at the time, and in losing the cruiser, I was convinced I'd never be an admiral. I figured my education had torpedoed my future.

Q. How else did you deal with this?

A. A sense of humor helped. That's what keeps me going in tough times. There's no situation that doesn't have its ludicrous side. Even failure. To understand that simple reality is probably the first sign of maturity. Besides, I'm a pessimist at heart. I never expected to be promoted, and it always surprised me. When nice things happen to me, it is quite exhilarating.

Q. An element of fatalism?

A. I think so. I've concluded that in Washington on all these decisions we deal with, it's never as bad as the critics say it's going to be. And never as good as the advocates expect. I agonized when the *Brigadier* hit a mine in the Persian Gulf. Had I oversold our capabilities? I was in a blue funk. The *Vincennes* Airbus shootdown was painful for me. I had lived in fear of such a mistake. But once it occurs, I believe you have no choice but to face up to it—publicly—well aware that you'll be criticized no matter what you do.

I have learned that there's always a new dawn. I was shattered when I first ran into really world-class criticism. Then I discovered that if I hung in there, in a week or two nobody even mentioned all those bad things. Fortunately, there's a new newspaper on the doorstep every morning.

Q. Do you still relight the Viet Nam War?

A. I think about it a lot. That's true for all of us. I don't believe any decision is made today on force commitments without thinking of Viet Nam. It's not always said openly, but it's there. The trick is to decide when the Viet Nam example is truly applicable. There's a tendency to make the connection without really thinking through the analogy.

Q. Who are your heroes?

A. General [Robert E.] Lee was great at recovering from his mistakes. The intriguing thing about war is how many mistakes are made. My conclusion from military history is that successful generals are wrong 95% of the time. For unsuccessful generals, it's 99%. In the fog of war, there's so much uncertainty. I am a strong admirer of Kemal Ataturk, because he achieved so much with so little. It's one thing for generals to win when they are backed by tremendous resources and production capability. But Ataturk with few resources wrested control of Turkey from the sultans and expelled the Greeks from his country. He's my candidate as the greatest military man of the century.

Q. How has battle changed?

A. The canvas has greatly expanded. It involves the whole globe, including the sea depths and a large chunk of space. Weaponry has expanded the scale of destructiveness. But the uncertainty of war has not disappeared, and the tendency for things to go wrong has increased. Battles are still fought by people, and their state of mind will still influence the outcome more than weapons.

Q. You're the senior adviser to the President and must at least ponder a decision to go nuclear. Could you push the button?

A. I believe so. I'll tell you, however, it's awfully hard to be hypothetical about this. I've played a few war games that involved limited nuclear attacks, and in that hypothetical climate, heavy pressures to stop using nuclear weapons developed on both sides very quickly. These were intellectual exercises. But they do suggest that our leaders understand the horrors of nuclear devastation, and will work hard to avoid it.

Q. Are you comfortable with your job?

A. I agonize a lot. I have known individuals who made a big decision and never gave it another thought. I don't. When it's a big issue, I don't sleep soundly. I remember Gordon Cooper falling asleep while in the capsule waiting for lift-off. Now that's real class. When he blasted off, his pulse went to 70. I can get mine to 90 just thinking about it.

Q. Can the U.S. have confidence in some-body who drinks bourbon and Coke?

A. Some would say no. People in Oklahoma would say yes.

Q. Do you really read the comics?

A. Religiously. I like *Andy Capp*. I used to be avid on *Pogo* and was sorry to see him go. That's not the only way I waste time. I watch sitcoms too. I really like *Cheers*. Probably the biggest plague of my life is all the time I waste. What I don't like is getting up early. In that respect, a Navy career has been tough on me. You know, the Russians do a lot of work at night—at least Stalin did. So did Churchill. That lifestyle has an appeal for me.

Q. Where do you draw strength in time of trouble?

A. Primarily from my family. Former POW [Admiral] Jim Stockdale was a classmate and great friend. He said that when he was in prison camp in Viet Nam, one great source of strength was the *Book of Job*. Relating to Job, he could accept that life isn't fair. Many others couldn't and became bitter. There are things you can't do anything about when you're taking a beating. Something of this is applicable to being Chairman. You can't take the good part and ignore the rest. I find Job's experience useful in surviving in Washington. Harry Truman observed that if you want a loyal friend in Washington, you'd better buy a dog. My wife and I hedge our bets—we own two dogs.

Q. A final word?

A. Just note that we talked for several hours, and I didn't mention defense appropriations. ■

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Books

Whisperings of Intuition

THE LYRE OF ORPHEUS by Robertson Davies; Viking; 472 pages; \$19.95

BY PAUL GRAY

Numerologists might be intrigued to learn that this novel completes a trilogy, that this trilogy is the third that Canadian author Robertson Davies has written, and that a painted triptych figures prominently and mysteriously in the narrative. What this plethora of threes may signify is anyone's guess, but those more interested in words than in integers will face a calculated problem. Specifically, is it possible to understand and enjoy *The Lyre of Orpheus* without having read *The Rebel Angels* (1981) and *What's Bred in the Bone* (1985), the books that lead up to it?

Of course. Having completed the Salterton and Depford trilogies, Davies, 75, is by now adept at welcoming latecomers to his entertainments and making them feel right at home. He gracefully provides enough information about what has happened in the two preceding novels to keep everyone, including forgetful fans, up to speed. But he is also solicitous toward those who have been present and paying attention from the beginning: the plot and characters of *The Lyre of Orpheus* gain resonances from the

earlier books that only initiates will hear.

For openers, though, the story's surface is sufficiently beguiling. Big money is immediately introduced: the fortune left by the late, eccentric Francis Cornish. Meeting in Toronto, the benefactor's nephew Arthur and the four other board members of the Cornish Foundation consider an off-beat project. A graduate student named Hulda Schnakenburg wants to earn her Ph.D. in music by finishing an opera that E.T.A. Hoffmann left incomplete at the time of his death in 1822. Not only does the foundation agree to underwrite Hulda's expenses, but it also coughs up the funds for a full-scale production of the final product. As soon as feasible, *Arthur of Britain, or The Magnanimous Cuckold*, will be staged at Stratford, Ont. From his position in Limbo, the composer Hoffmann cheers this decision and vows to pay close attention to everything that follows.

That last touch—the voice from Limbo—is Davies' only deviation from strict narrative plausibility, and it is a minor one at that. Hoffmann cannot intercede in the proceedings; he is just another spectator along with the readers. Davies does

not need spooks or disembodied souls to demonstrate that even the most mundane, realistic events can be steeped in magic. Simon Darcourt, an Anglican clergyman, a professor of Greek and the secretary of the Cornish Foundation, believes "that everybody had a personal myth," that people's lives unfold in accordance with invisible but implacable patterns. Despite his extensive education, Darcourt sees limitations in a logic used as "a means of straining out of every problem the whisperings of intuition."

Hence, Darcourt suspects early on that reviving the Arthurian opera may have unforeseen consequences, particularly for Arthur Cornish and his wife Maria, who is also on the foundation's board. Might these two well-meaning, influential and exemplary people be fated to suffer Maria's adultery with Arthur's best friend, a Lancelot in modern dress? No sooner is this suspicion raised than it begins to seem inevitable. Davies does not try to generate much suspense on this score; his interest lies in how the principals will react once the predestined has occurred and what they will learn from the unpleasant, archetypal experience.

The opera is not the only unfinished business in *The Lyre of Orpheus*. Darcourt is struggling to complete his biography of his friend Francis Cornish and trying to fill a mysterious gap in his subject's life between 1937 and 1945; readers who remember *What's Bred in the Bone* already know the bizarre information Darcourt will discover, including the existence of a 16th century triptych with unmistakable ties to the 20th. And a potential black-mailer turns up, hoping to hold several characters responsible for details that occurred way back in *The Rebel Angels*.

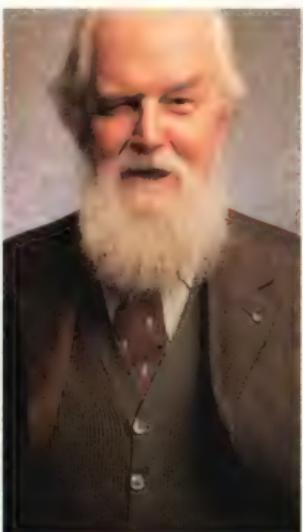
Davies juggles these plots with consistent good humor and remarkable insider erudition. The latter should come as no surprise, given the author's extensive background in the theater and academe: as a young man he was an actor in Britain's Old Vic Company, and he later served 20 years as the master of Massey College at the University of Toronto. The novel is crammed with funny renditions of wheezy professorial badinage and flamboyant dramatic monologues. But it is Davies' own voice that seems most memorable: confident, unhurried, interested and amused. Late in the novel, on the brink of the opera's opening night, the narrative pauses briefly to consider Oliver Twentyman, a trumper in his 80s who will sing the role of Merlin the magician: "He liked being old—and still a great artist. Age, linked with achievement, was a splendid crown to life." So it is, as this novel and Davies' remarkable career sufficiently demonstrate. ■

Excerpt

Does the divine Moxart, I wonder, ever look in at the countless presentations of his operas, so psychologized and philosophized? Could it be that he feels as strange, as wistful, as I have done at the realization and presentation of my *Arthur*?

Shall I hear it again?

I suppose I could hang about, but I do not think I shall do anything of the kind. I have watched *Arthur* brought into being, I have watched the complexities it has introduced into so many lives, and, as an artist, it becomes me to know when enough, even of one's own art, is enough.



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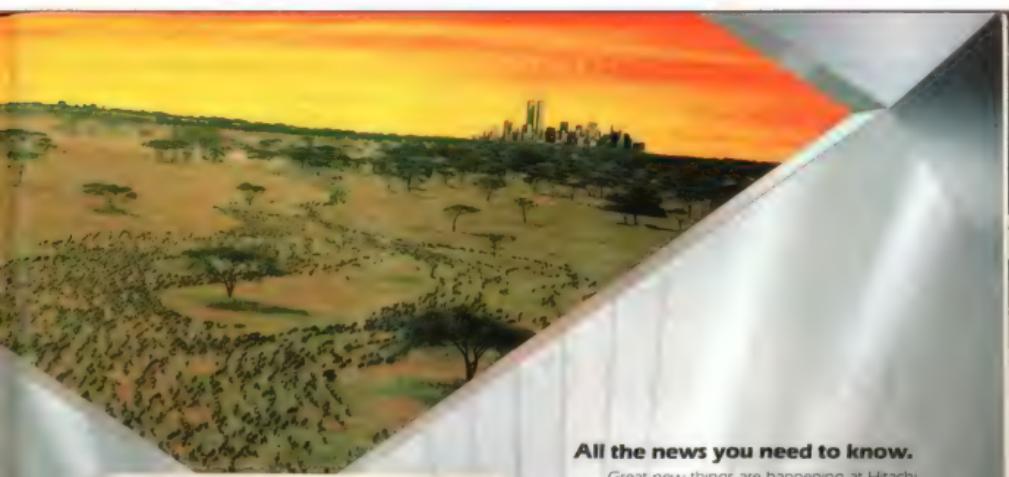
Young contestants on the game show *Double Dare* compete for prizes by tossing clumps of mashed potatoes at one another, rummaging through huge pizzas and plunging down a sundae slide into a vat of whipped cream. Underage comics on *You Can't Do That on Television* assault one another with gag lines rather than food, but get drenched with a bucket of green slime every time they utter the phrase "I don't know." The action on *Kids' Court* is only slightly more decorous. On one show a youngster stood accused of taking his brother's water pistol and hiding it in the oven, where it melted. To help recreate the crime, the TV defendant grabbed a replica of the gun and raced around the studio squirting the audience.

We are a long way from Mr. Rogers' neighborhood here, but antics like these have helped make Nickelodeon the hot address in children's TV. Launched in 1979, the cable channel for children is now seen in 41 million homes. double the



Plunging for prizes on *Double Dare*

number of five years ago. Ratings, among the highest of all basic-cable services, are up 12% from last year. Along with its long-running show for preschoolers, *Pinwheel*, and a diet of cartoons and vintage reruns (*Lassie*, *Dennis the Menace*), the channel is steadily boosting its slate of original programming aimed at older youngsters. The most successful, *Double Dare*, has become a hit in syndication and has spawned several imitators. Nickelodeon's success with live-action children's fare has even encouraged the networks to try out some new formats this fall



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Video



Socking It to Wagner on *Kids' Court*

Intelligence, high spirits and TV savvy.

in the Saturday-morning cartoon ghetto.

But Nickelodeon has done more than just come up with a winning formula; it has found a distinctive voice. Nickelodeon shows are high-spirited without being silly, intelligent but not patronizing. They respect both kids' sophistication and their sense of fun. "We're not here to change kids or increase their reading scores," says Geraldine Laybourne, a former grade-school teacher who is Nickelodeon's general manager. "We think it's pretty tough being a kid today. They're growing up in households where most have a single parent or both parents work. We ought to be a place where they can just relax, where kids can just be kids."

What Nickelodeon has recognized, first of all, is that much of what makes kids kids is television. Nearly all the shows Nickelodeon has created are junior versions of adult programs. *You Can't Do That on Television* is a *Laugh-In*-like potpourri of sketches, blackouts and one-liners. *Nick Rocks* is a little-league MTV, and *Don't Just Sit There* is a talk show geared to and hosted by youngsters. The opening of *Kids' Court* slyly satirizes TV courtroom shows: two young "litigants" face the camera in dramatic closeup and state their beefs, then whirl and burst into the courtroom-studio to the cheers of an audience that will decide their guilt or innocence. Judge Take that, Judge Wagner.

This hip, TV-savvy attitude is also a major feature of Nick at Nite, the three-year-old companion service aimed primarily at adults, which takes over in the evenings when Nickelodeon signs off. The channel offers mostly old reruns, from *The Donna Reed Show* to *Saturday Night Live*, but the retrans are given a self-parodying spin with tongue-in-cheek promos (a "How to Be Donna Reed"

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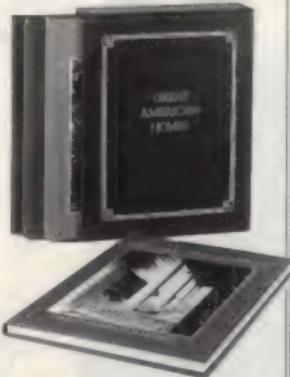
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Video

home-study course) and special events like a "Do-It-Yourself Sitcom" contest. In that one, viewers were asked why their life ought to be a comedy series. Three families were then chosen to act out their own mini-sitcoms, with the help of guest stars like Eve Plumb of *The Brady Bunch*.

More original programming is on the way. This week Nick at Nite offers *Tattertown*, a cartoon pilot from raffish animator Ralph Bakshi (*Fritz the Cat*; *Mighty Mouse: The New Adventures*) about a fantasy world where discarded objects come to life. Nickelodeon, meanwhile, is developing a sitcom about kids at a dude ranch, as well as a new show for preschoolers, *Eureka's Castle*, that will use animation, puppets and live action to explore problems like being afraid of the dark.

Not all adults are enthralled by Nickelodeon. *Double Dare* and another game show called *Finders Keepers* (now off the air) have been denounced for encouraging



Trading one-liners on a junior *Laugh-In*

exhibitionism and greed—the sort of schoolmarmish complaint that deserves a dousing with green slime. Peggy Charren, president of Action for Children's Television, praises the channel as a healthy alternative to network fare but is worried that some of its newer shows "may have gone a little overboard taking a *Mad Magazine* approach."

Charren is also concerned about the channel's expanding commercial ventures. Nickelodeon did not even run commercials before 1984; now it has entered the syndication market and is licensing its name for products ranging from shampoo to sneakers. "We are a channel for kids and an advocate for kids first," says Laybourne. "The licensing is only an afterthought." Such ventures, moreover, enable the channel to prosper and expand its programming—a fact of TV life that Nickelodeon's savvy young viewers would certainly understand. Call it: *Why You Can Do That on Television*. —By Richard Zoglin. Reported by Janice C. Simpson/New York

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Letters

A GAME OF GREED

"What essential wealth does this new breed add to our nation?"

Paul Botzman, Walnut Creek, Calif.

Your article on the RJR Nabisco takeover battle [BUSINESS, Dec. 5] paints a terrifying picture of corporate America fulfilling Karl Marx's prediction that capitalism will devour itself. If the goal of modern capitalists is to make huge amounts of money without providing goods, services or jobs, then I am afraid Marx (and Gorbachev) may eventually have the last laugh.

Michael Feinman
New Rochelle, N.Y.

The robber barons of old left us a legacy of railroads, steel mills, oil wells and automobile plants. What essential wealth does this new breed add to our nation?

Paul Botzman
Walnut Creek, Calif.

In the game of leveraged buyouts, the business executives hold all the good cards, while the workers are dealt dud hands. I know of too many former associates standing in unemployment lines as a result of these games. The greed of people like Ross Johnson can devastate families.

Richard M. Thigpen
Reston, Va.

Oreos may continue to be in children's lunch boxes, but they will already show bite marks.

Anson H. Beard
Steve Collins
Concord, Mass.

0 Mulroney

Brian Mulroney could take the Canadian election results to be a mandate to proceed with the trade pact [WORLD, Dec. 5], but he should be aware that Canadians will be watching to ensure that our sovereignty and the environment are not sacrificed for free trade.

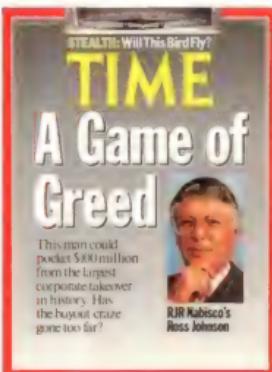
I. Jacob Shultz
Montreal

I am totally disgruntled. To "President" Mulroney: "Yankee, go home!"

Sarah B. Mallen
Downsview, Ont.

Praise for Peacekeepers

I am responding to your story about former U.N. official Sir Brian Urquhart and his supervision of peacekeeping mis-



sions [INTERVIEW, Dec. 5]. My husband Lieut. Colonel William Higgins served in the front lines of the U.N. peacekeeping forces in southern Lebanon and would be proud that the work of his brave colleagues has been internationally recognized by the award of the Nobel Peace Prize. If he could only see it! Unfortunately, last February, while in Lebanon, he was kidnapped, and he is still held by his captors, who call him a spy. The U.N. is flexing its diplomatic muscle, but if it is involved in volatile situations, it must be prepared to defend its men.

Robin L. Higgins
Woodbridge, Va.

Strafing Stealth

Have this country and our Government gone completely mad? Are we willing to spend \$500 million-plus on each B-2 Stealth bomber to gain some supposed superiority over the Soviets [NATION, Dec. 5]? And the Air Force wants only 132 of them, for a total cost of \$70 billion. We must realize that the more we go into debt for weapons, the less secure we all are.

Ruth Trubner
Bellevue, Wash.

The main selling point of Stealth appears to be its effectiveness in responding to a Soviet threat. What threat? The U.S. has spent billions countering this imaginary danger during the past four decades,

and the last thing the Soviets desire now is a showdown. We are closer to the Soviets in ideology than ever before.

Philip Letourneau
Shrewsbury, Mass.

I'll take a cure for the common cold over the Stealth bomber any old time.

Terry Lorbiecki
Germantown, Wis.

Where Is Hanna?

I read your item on President-elect George Bush's HANNA sweatshirt [NATION, Dec. 5]. It came from T.L. Hanna High School in Anderson, S.C., not from a school in Pennsylvania. We students at Hanna are proud that Bush wore our gift and did not leave it forgotten in a drawer.

Paul E. Mathey III
Anderson, S.C.

English, the Official Language

This nation of immigrants with different cultures needs something to bind it together. Speaking English is the best answer, and Congress should make it the official language [NATION, Dec. 5]. Americans should at least be able to talk to one another in the same tongue.

Stan Chlebek
Chicago

If a language holds a promise for the present and future welfare of the people who use it, it does not need any legal enforcement to prevail. Conversely, a language that becomes outdated and oppressive for a population is bound to decay, and no legislation will prevent this outcome, as history shows.

Hernán Rodríguez-Campomanor
Nyon, Switzerland

Man of the Year?

My nomination for Man of the Year goes to President-elect George Bush.

Steve Barnhoorn
Honeoye, N.Y.

The peacekeeping troops from various countries, stationed in dangerous areas, who are making the world a safer place to live in.

Albert Watson
Montreal



No longer behind the eight ball: the Safari Room at the Billiard Club in New York City

Everyone Back into Pool!

Pocket billiards goes upscale, uptown and uppity

Proficiency at billiards, it has been said, is a sign of a misspent youth. That is putting it politely. Pocket billiards, commonly known as pool, has had image problems for decades. The pool hall housed illicit kingdoms of numbers runners and gangsters, winos and bums, four-letter-word expectorators and hustlers named Fats Trouble brewed in every corner. Sharks infested the murky waters. "You had to watch out for all the spin on the floor," recalls a denizen of the old parlors in Ohio. "Any women who'd come around, you wondered what they did for a living."

So what's this? The Manhattan pedestrian spots a banner flapping in the cold night wind: THE BILLIARD CLUB. Yet the scene beneath it is not a dimly lighted doorway, attended by a tattooed bouncer, but monstrous picture windows straight out of Trump Tower. Behind the glass, peacock feathers wave from porcelain planters. Within, fashionable men and women lay cues to green felt. A sticker at the door indicates that, yes, the club does take American Express. Welcome to the new world of pool.

From Boston to Miami, from Dallas to Chicago, pool halls are back with a vengeance, with yuppies leading the way. New converts chalk their cues like old-timers and gladly shell out up to \$10 an hour for tables, as classical music and the latest in jazz and rock play in the background. During the past 14 months, Manhattan has seen the opening of four plush pool palaces catering to upscale players. The Billiard

Club, which opened in August and takes in an estimated 1,500 customers on weekends, has a downstairs Safari Room, where players shoot pool amid zebra skins, mounted sailfish and a stuffed boar. In Boston, Jillian's Billiard Club has a private room, furnished as an English gentleman's library, that rents for \$30 an hour. "It's becoming a glamour sport," observes Ed Irwin, a banker by day and a player by night.

"People want to see and be seen," says the Billiard Club's co-owner Barry Renert. At M.K., one of New York City's trendiest night spots, the club's two tables are always occupied, as the glitterati take turns shooting and racking 'em up. In Chicago the equally hip Limelight has eight-ball tournaments, and at the new-wave Star Top Cafe clients can munch on soft-shell crab while waiting their turn. Even at old game dens, the pool surge is evident as the gentrified mix with the prolet-



"Our whole crowd has changed from older to younger, to yuppies."

tariat. Says Richard Gaedt of Chicago's North Center Bowl: "In the past six months, our whole crowd has changed from older to younger, to yuppies." Adds Jillian's co-owner Kevin Troy: "A few years back, health clubs were a big place to socialize. Now we're seeing the same thing over pool tables."

Players do not have to be Minnesota Fats to enjoy making balls go *click-plunk* into side pockets. "It's an addictive sport," says pool marketer Barry Dubow. "As soon as you sink two in a row, you want to get three." That simplicity of play, coupled with the change in atmosphere, has attracted new clientele, including women. Says Renert: "Women come by themselves; they come in groups, and they come with men."

Pool places only a modest burden on the wallet at a time when dinner and an evening out for two can inflict triple-digit damage. "It's cheap entertainment," says New York banker Stephen Eisenstein. "You can come by and meet a friend and chat—or not—as you choose." Nor is the sport as physically demanding as the swings scene. Says real estate investor Miles Levine: "Sex and drugs are out. We're going back to a more conservative time."

In fact, on the West Coast, where billiard gentrification has yet to catch on, the large, established pool halls cater to families. Says manager Mort Brock of Tommy T's in suburban Portland, Ore.: "Pool has cleaned up its act. A lot of people come in here and say, 'Gee, we can't believe there's a place like this.'"

Pool-equipment manufacturers are strapped for tables, cues and other paraphernalia to meet the demand. "It really accelerated in 1986 after the release of *The Color of Money*," says Jim Bakula of the Brunswick Corp. in Bristol, Wis. Watching Paul Newman and Tom Cruise slug it out helped glamourize the game. In the past two years, pool-table sales have more than doubled, with 90% of the sales made to private homes.

Today Jersey Whitey, Carolina Slim, Alex the Greek and other pungent monikers of old sharks are simply quaint and colorful, and Minnesota Fats is the name of the overstuffed sandwich served at the Billiard Club. Still, mainstream pool will not wash away its old legacy. Slang like "snookered," "behind the eight ball" and "pad break" still means misfortune or treachery. The sport's new respectability may sadden those who savor the raunchiness of the old dives. For it was there, in the ramshackle shelter of the pool hall, on the margins of society, that one could, with luck and a certain impunity, suspend one's youth.

—By Howard G. Chas-Egan
Reported by Mike Connell/New York with other bureaus

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Religion

The Bishop Is a Lady

Anglicans stagger, quarreling, into an era of "mitered mammas"

The election of Barbara Harris to be the first woman bishop in America's Episcopal Church, and hence the first in world Anglicanism, has produced great joy among feminists. It has also fostered widespread ecclesiastical warfare against the choice of Harris, a 58-year-old native of Philadelphia, to become the next suffragan bishop of Massachusetts. Conservatives have mounted an unprecedented campaign to prevent her election, which must be approved by the "standing committees" of a majority of U.S. dioceses. But by last week Harris had backing from 56 of the needed 60 dioceses, meaning that she is unstoppable.

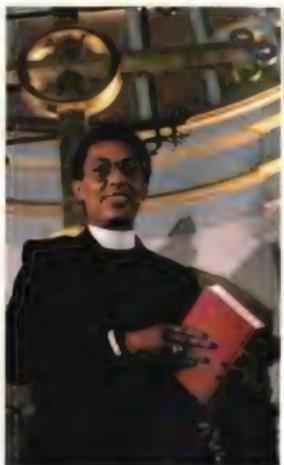
The U.S. Episcopal bishops are certain to follow the vote with their own endorsement of Harris, but the conflict is not likely to end with her installation, probably in February. The advent of women as bishops, for one thing, will delay any hoped-for reunion between Anglicanism and Roman Catholicism—by several hundred years, reckons one Anglican ecumenist. More immediate is the serious split that will occur within the 60 million-member Anglican Communion. One side is ready to recognize Harris and subsequent women bishops and to accept the priests they ordain. The other side will refuse. Matters are bound to get even messier as time goes by.

In the U.S., Harris' opponents, including six bishops who head dioceses, are a small if troublesome faction. But elsewhere fully 20 of the 27 autonomous Anglican branches forbid women priests and will doubtless reject women bishops as well. The world leader of Anglicanism, Archbishop of Canterbury Robert Runcie, has been forced willy-nilly to join the reactionists in his role as Primate of the Church of England. Runcie declared last month that unless church law changes, neither he nor any other English hierarch may recognize a woman bishop or the priests she ordains. Communion between the English and American churches survives, Runcie stated, but will now be restricted. The leader of the antiwomen forces, London's Bishop Graham Leonard, says that Harris' election will have a "profound and divisive effect" throughout Anglicanism.

Even if she were not a woman, the election of Harris would have caused a ruckus. In fact, gender was barely mentioned during the anti-Harris campaign.

*By coincidence Pope John Paul II decisively rejected women priests in an apostolic letter released six days after Harris' election

For openers, she is apparently the first divorced person ever elected an Anglican bishop. In most nations, that would have prevented her from even becoming a priest. Equally remarkable, says editor H. Boone Porter of the *Living Church*, she lacks the "conventional qualifications" for the office. Not to say that Harris, who was the top public relations executive for Sun Oil before she decided to become a priest, lacks substantial achievements. But she will be a rarity among bishops in not having a college



Boston bishop-elect Barbara Harris

A "male-dominated racist church"?

degree (she took three college courses plus special training for mid-career clergy recruits). Though Harris was a prison chaplain for four years and worked part time at two churches, she has never been the full-time rector of her own parish. "No one made Barbara Harris," says her Philadelphia mentor, the Rev. Paul Washington. "She made herself."

While still a laywoman, Harris led the procession at the 1974 protest ritual in which her church's first women priests were illicitly ordained. During eight years in the priesthood, she has developed a reputation as a bright, articulate activist. Harris, who will be her church's 29th black bishop, is the convener of a coalition of minority and social-action caucuses

that seeks to prod the Episcopal Church into what Harris calls "an increased advocacy role and some real risk taking." A prime risk that she favors: acceptance of practicing homosexual clergy.

She is best known in Episcopal circles as the executive director of the *Witness*, an independent magazine of the church's hard left. In its pages, she has described her own denomination as a "male-dominated racist church," castigated Episcopal "factions" who fear "mitered mammas," branded as "demonic" one conservative church caucus, excoriated numerous Reagan Administration policies, and even dubbed the Gary Hart sex scandal "Tailgate."

Given her confrontational past, Harris has been uncharacteristically circumspect in victory. Says she: "I have been elected bishop of the church, not a symbol or a token." Her emphasis will be on the job that she has been called to do. Harris insists, not on her precedent-shattering election. However, two years ago, Harris observed with typically caustic humor that any woman who joined the Episcopal hierarchy would need "a high tolerance for indecisiveness, an inordinate amount of patience with unimaginative leadership ... and an appetite for ambiguity." In the coming months, such qualities will surely be tested in Harris herself, and in the fractious Anglican Communion.

—By Richard N. Ostling.
Reported by Helen Gibson/London and Melissa Ludtke/Boston

Condoms, Cont'd.

The Archbishop of Paris revives the AIDS dispute

When U.S. Roman Catholic bishops last year cautiously accepted public information campaigns about condoms to limit AIDS, the Vatican hit the Sistine ceiling. The text is being rewritten. Now Rome has another reason to be vexed, this time by the words of one of its favored churchmen. In a TV show on AIDS, the leading figure of the church in France, Jean-Marie Cardinal Lustiger, generally considered a pro-papal conservative, dutifully defended the church's moral tenets. But then Lustiger, who was appointed Archbishop of Paris by Pope John Paul II in 1981, added that those "who carry the virus and cannot live in chastity [should] use the proposed methods." That clearly meant condoms, though Lustiger did not utter the word. Last week in *L'Express*, he repeated his view. The Vatican made no immediate response, but one Roman official deemed the Cardinal's lesser-of-two-evils approach "reprehensible." ■

Behavior

365 Shopping Days till Christmas

For compulsive buyers, life is a long, ruinous spree

Tis the season to eat and drink and—above all—shop. For most Americans, the Christmas buying frenzy is a once-a-year splurge. But for hundreds of thousands of men and women, the holidays are a special torment, a bratty reminder of a day-in, day-out compulsion. Call them shopaholics. Gayle, a Chicago secretary who declared bankruptcy last summer after running up debts of \$32,000, is not faring well this Christmas. She is lavishing gifts on friends and family—and on herself too. Says she, wearily: "I have not been able to control myself."

Shop-till-you-drop types tend to draw more scorn than sympathy. Visions of Imelda Marcos and 2,400 pairs of shoes dance in people's heads. But therapists insist that compulsive shopping can be as ruinous as gambling, disrupting families and plunging sufferers into debt. Many people enjoy the occasional spree, but shopaholics' lives are consumed by buying. Says psychologist Georgia Witkin of New York City, author of a recently published book on compulsive behavior, *Quick Fixes & Small Comforts* (Villard: \$17.95): "The day shapes up around getting to stores."

Addicts plot the shortest routes to malls, pore over catalogs during coffee breaks, greet store sales help—and security guards—by name. Even when they browse with friends, they can be secretly prowling for purchases; often they sneak back to make a "hit." Out on a spending spree, they pick out items in an euphoric daze, but many of their purchases make little sense. Says Alice, 34, of New Jersey, a brokerage-house trainee: "I was possessed when I went into a store. I bought things that didn't fit, that I didn't like and that I certainly didn't need."

Alice concentrated on clothing, at her worst spending up to \$20,000 a year on shoes and dresses. Lucy, 43, vice president of an import company, lives alone in a one-bedroom apartment in Manhattan but has enough household furnishings to equip several families. "I have three sets of dishes for twelve," she ticks off, "20 vases, tons of place mats, tablecloths and stemware, and three or four sets of pots."

Some shopaholics can afford what they buy, but others cannot. Brad, a telecommunications-company worker in Chicago, is 31, but his cravings have al-

ready forced him into bankruptcy—twice. "I couldn't make my minimum payments on credit cards, and I went out and bought a new car," he notes. And when pinched for cash, "I would go to thrift stores because I had to buy something."

Obsessive shoppers may be venting their anger at a boss or spouse. Observes Witkin: "They tear into the racks instead of their family." Noel, 33, a Southern California housewife who has filed for divorce, acknowledges, "As my frustration

trust fund and several months' mortgage payments on outrageously expensive outfitts: 'I felt I had nothing to give anyone. So I gave a fashion show.' Men, on the other hand, favor electronic gadgetry and tools, and picking up the tab at meals. Notes Janet Damon, a psychotherapist in New York and author of a new book, *Shopaholics* (Price Stern Sloan: \$16.95): "They try to boost their self-esteem by buying an image of power."

Society encourages spending. Buying is a national pastime. Catalogs jam mailboxes; goodies are hawked on television shopping channels. And credit is sinfully easy. Declares Damon: "Credit cards are to a shopaholic what a bottle is to an alcoholic." But buying provides only a short-

lived high. Splurgers are assailed by anxiety and guilt, sometimes as the latest acquisitions are being rung up. Even as she handed her credit card to a salesclerk, recalls Judith, 40, a New York advertising executive, "my stomach would churn in knots." At home, items often go straight to the closet in their boxes, and clothing hangs untouched with price tags attached.

Shopaholics may deny they have a problem for years. But many eventually turn to counseling or self-help programs, like *Debtors Anonymous*, which has some 145 groups across the nation, or *Shopaholics Limited*, a group in New York, to try to regain a sense of control over their lives. Compulsive buyers are urged to keep diaries of their moods, record when they hit the aisles, and call another member of the support group whenever they feel the craving.

Among other recommendations: organize possessions, return unneeded merchandise, close credit accounts, don't shop when tired, enter stores armed with a list and exit after one hour.

But stresses Carla Perez, a San Francisco psychiatrist, "shopaholics have to find out what their real emotional needs are. Once they stop using shopping as an escape, they're stuck with the raw feelings." Those who fail to come to terms with the causes of their affliction may wind up in the throes of another destructive behavior—for example, overeating or overdrinking. Recovering bingers measure their success on a day-by-day basis. Judith is searching for alternative things to do with her time: reading during lunch hour, going to a movie, enrolling in a course. She is considering joining a gym. That may be costly. But, she says, "it's not that expensive compared to what I've spent shopping."

—By Anastasia Toufexis

Reported by D. Blake Hallinan/San Francisco and Janice M. Horowitz/New York



increased with my marriage, so did my spending." She estimates that her misery totted up to \$50,000. Sprees can be an antidote to depression, loneliness and boredom. A major attraction is that salespeople are deferential and attentive. "They say, 'May I help you?'" notes Linda Barbanel, a psychotherapist in New York. "They ooh and ah and fuss. You become the star in your own production." At heart, though, shopaholics are plagued by a lack of self-esteem. Explains Carole Lieberman, a Beverly Hills psychiatrist: "People shop to make up for what they don't have on the inside. They're trying to fill up because they feel empty."

Compulsive shopping is far commoner among women than men. Two-thirds of her addictive patients are female, observes Lieberman. Women typically buy clothing and accessories to enhance their attractiveness. Says Robin, 35, a Long Island housewife who squandered a \$30,000

Cinema

Dog-Eared Doings

THE ACCIDENTAL TOURIST

Directed by Lawrence Kasdan
Screenplay by Frank Galati and
Lawrence Kasdan

BY RICHARD SCHICKEL

Edward is a dog, a sad-eyed but otherwise lively Welsh corgi. When he is upset he makes trouble of a colorful, forgivable kind. Macon Leary (William Hurt) is his master, also sad-eyed, but with no redeeming manners or habits. Early in this lugubrious recounting of his struggle against clinical depression, one begins counting the minutes between dog cutaways. By the end, one is praying for them.

This is not to say that Macon's gloom is without just cause. A year before *The Accidental Tourist* begins, his beloved son has been killed in a particularly senseless crime. As the film opens, his wife Sarah (Kathleen Turner) walks out on him because his grief has made him so deeply



Pet lovers unite: Davis and Hurt
Happy? Sad? Or just browned out?

withdrawn that he cannot help her bear her sorrow. Her departure leaves Macon with his dismal career as a writer of travel books for people who hate traveling; with the dubious consolations of his own family, a sister and two brothers who are as joylessly guarded and compulsive in their behavior as he is; and, of course, the excellent but increasingly taut under-

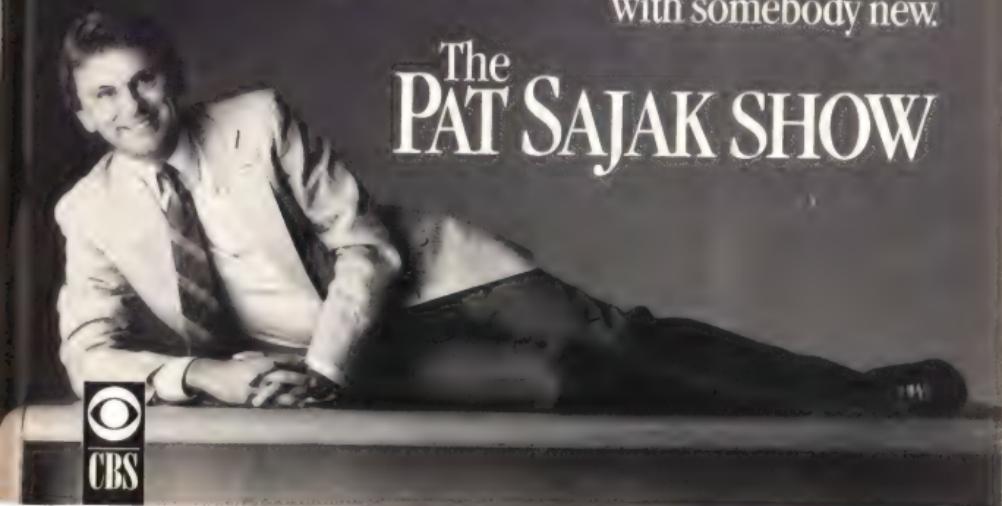
standably snappish company of Edward. Muriel Pritchett (Geena Davis), who insinuates herself into Macon's life by becoming Edward's trainer, does wonders for both of them. Doggy learns to heel, master learns to lighten up. Or so we are supposed to believe, though it is very hard to tell the difference between William Hurt sad and William Hurt happy, so monotonous is his performance of a monosyllabic role.

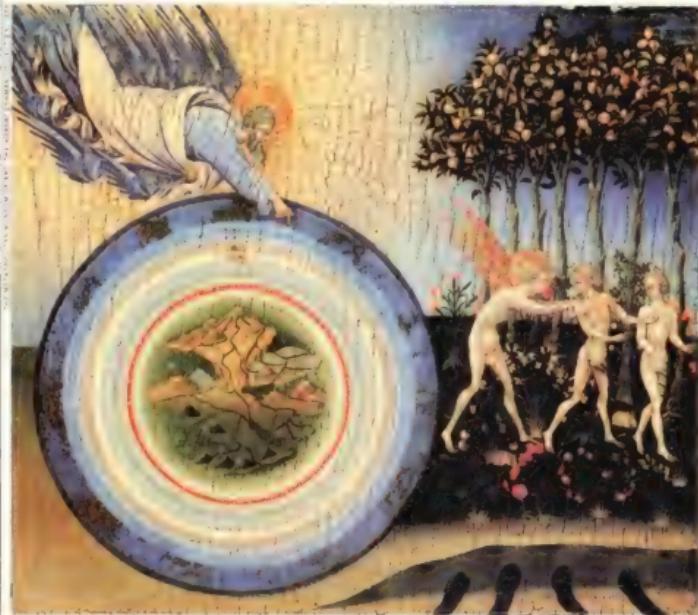
There should have been a dramatic crux: Macon's desertion of Muriel for an attempted reconciliation with his wife. But the tone and dynamics of this scene are indistinguishable from the rest of a film that looks as if it had been shot in a brownout Depression, obviously, is not amusing. But depressives, as the history of humor from Mark Twain to S.J. Perelman proves, can be. Anyway, it should be possible to analyze an illness without falling prey to it.

In the end, everything about this glum and self-important adaptation of Anne Tyler's upper-crust novel is dim. Director Lawrence Kasdan (*The Big Chill*) knows how to get Edward on and off screen effectively, but he is far less witty and adroit with his nominal stars. Dim too is the judgment of the New York Film Critics Circle, which last week named *Tourist* best English-language picture of the year. ■

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An Escape to Renaissance Siena

The Met's new show of 15th century painting is a delight

BY ROBERT HUGHES

Sometimes very good wine gets kept until last. After a year in which the Metropolitan Museum of Art's public has submitted, once more, to being treated like two tons of anchovies in a cannery in return for a look at Degas, we have an exhibition of 15th century Sienese painting in the Met's Robert Lehman Wing, opening just in time for Christmas. "Painting in Renaissance Siena" is not only a delectable exhibition; there is also a chance that one might be able to see it, given the relative lack of interest in the 15th century. It is, in a way, a show for escapees—for what could be more pleasant than to flee the brutish realities of modern life for the enamelled, fictive grace and small harmonious scale of these predella fragments and miniatures by Sassetta, Giovanni di Paolo and Girolamo da Cremona?

But it is also, in excelsis, a show about

connoisseurship, not block-busting. It was scrupulously and intelligently put together by Keith Christiansen, curator of the museum's department of European paintings. His aim, as far as possible, was to concentrate on narrative painting—stories from the Bible, mainly—instead of the static images of the Madonna in which Sienese painting abounds. Because these narratives are usually found in the small scenes around compound altarpieces, they have been scattered from Budapest to Melbourne in what museums euphemistically call the "dispersal"—the dismemberment by thieves and dealers—of big church paintings.

At the Met, a number of these narratives have been reassembled for the first time this century, and they are a delight to see. The show is meant as a 75th birthday tribute to the redoubtable Sir John Pope-Hennessy, formerly chairman of the department of European painting at the Met and one of the great scholars of the Italian

Renaissance. No doubt the Pope, as Hennessy is known, will be happy when he was 23, he wrote his own book on the Siennese painter Giovanni di Paolo.

Not since 1904 has there been a proper survey of Sienese Renaissance painting outside Siena. Not even the enthusiasms of Bernard Berenson and his heir Pope-Hennessy could give a Siennese artist like Sassetta the popularity of a Florentine like Botticelli. Even today, Sano di Pietro and the Master of the Osservanza are not exactly names to conjure with. Florence, Siena's political and cultural rival, emerged from their wars victorious in more ways than one. Firenze has always dominated the Western imagination. You cannot imagine the city of Giotto, Masaccio, Donatello, Brunelleschi, Leonardo and Michelangelo any differently. Florence was the locus classicus of Renaissance thought and art.

When the saber-toothed chieftains of American capitalism wanted models of

political or cultural patronage, it was to Lorenzo de' Medici, prototype of city bosses, that they turned. Siena seemed less Promethean, less inventive. Its great moment in painting, by common consent, had come in the late 13th and 14th centuries, with the work of Duccio, Simone Martini and the Lorenzetti brothers. Then social and economic catastrophe struck in 1348, when the Black Death wiped out more than half its population. While it is true that Sienese painting and sculpture for the next 150 years did not have the extraordinary charge of radical invention that pervaded Florence, the idea of Sienese cultural decline after the great plague is a myth. On the whole, Sienese painting is gentler than Florentine, more *graziosa*, Gothic, conservative.

The Gothic-Byzantine heritage survived in Siena longer in the ornate altarpiece frames, the gold backgrounds, the exquisitely rhythmic and abstracted profiles. The natural world of woods, mountains, streams, sky and stars takes more time to become the frame of divine and biblical events, and, when it finally does, it is not the subject of botanical or geological curiosity. Trees are the ideas of trees; fruit and flowers are heraldic nature.

This emblematic world is at full intensity in the Met's own *The Creation, and the Expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise* by Giovanni di Paolo, circa 1445. God the Father hurtles down from heaven, supported by blue cherubim and bowing before him an immense wheel depicting the concentric divisions of the universe—the earth, the spheres of water, air and fire, those of the seven planets, the zodiac and the dark blue primum mobile. On the right, an angel chivies our first parents—pale, forked creatures—out of a tapestry paradise of emblematic plants.

Yet a love of the real Tuscan landscape does shine through. The Osservanza Master's *The Resurrection*, in which Christ flies out of the sepulcher in a blaze of gold glory, watched by the prostrated Roman soldiers, is rendered magical by the red flush of early dawn that appears along the black profile of the hills. In a panel of another broken-up altarpiece, Saint Anthony rejects the temptations of a pile of gold the Devil put in his path. The gold, however, was for some reason scraped off and repainted as earth, so that the saint appears to be overreaching to the sight of a nearby rabbit.

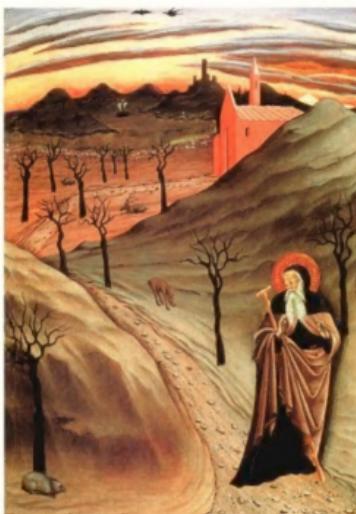
So might a Sienese religious conservative have viewed the early 15th century's incursion of reality upon the Gothic-Byzantine, iconic tradition. The ragged gray-brown outcrops that appear in the background of *Saint Anthony Tempted by a Heap*



SAINT THOMAS AQUINAS IN PRAYER

of Gold are hardly the result of fantasy and are recognizably based on the gullies and crests of Le Crete, the bare hills southeast of Siena. And by the end of the quattrocento, in Benvenuto di Giovanni's image of Christ on his way to Calvary, the landscape is real and full of fantastical character: a Roman soldier like an armed Boschian lobster, tormentors pulling and grabbing at Christ, knots of rope, pebbles underfoot—each bearing its own color and polish, like a cabochon stone.

The fierce empiricism of Masaccio, determined to fill real space with real figures that the senses could know, made its mark on some painters but not others.



SAINT ANTHONY TEMPTED BY A HEAP OF GOLD

Perspective in 15th century Siena was something an artist could use as a scaffolding, modify or abandon altogether; Sassetta (Stefano di Giovanni, active from 1423 to 1450) did this all the time. He studied earlier Sienese artists, mainly Pietro Lorenzetti, for spatial clues as carefully as Masaccio looked at Giotto, and inevitably, came up with a lighter, slightly flatter and, as it were, more spindly and papery space—which he still imbued with a magical lightness and precision.

This is seen in the six predella panels the Met has reunited from his early masterpiece: an altarpiece for the Wool Guild of Siena. The clarity and measure of the green architectural frame, with its slender columns and bladelike ribs, in which the theologian Saint Thomas Aquinas kneels in prayer, is like a visual gloss on his own syllogisms. An educated Sienese would have known that Aquinas had the habit of praying before he wrote. In another panel Sassetta showed Aquinas asking Christ what he thought of his book on the nature of the Eucharist, and receiving the approval of the Supreme Editor. The Sienese sophisticate would also have connected the well visible in the courtyard with the sacrament of baptism, and the cloister itself with the Earthly Paradise. For a modern viewer it is the exquisitely ordered space that counts, those intricacies of dull green, tan and gold, with the black blade of the saint's cappa sharply anchoring them.

The catalog essays by Christiansen and Carl Brandon Strehlke are a fine guide to the social background and doctrinal meaning of these religious comic strips. Packed with meaning, reasonable in size, this is the kind of show that the Met used to do superbly—and now does not do often enough.

Essay

Walter Shapiro

The First Crisis of the New Year

Even though I had been dreading the moment all year, I fought to keep the abject terror out of my voice. "Yes, lunch on the fourth would be terrific," I burbled into the phone with false bonhomie. "I'll make a note of it right now."

But where to inscribe the first appointment of the New Year? Like a condemned man fantasizing about a reprieve from the Governor, I rifled through my woefully nondescript black vinyl 1988 Daily Planner praying that somehow it contained extra pages for the first week of January. Instead, with fear and trembling, I peered into the abyss: a blank daily entry for New Year's Eve and then no more. Nothingness. Maybe I could take the cowardly way out and try to recycle the pages from last January. But there in big block letters on the top of Jan. 4, 1988, was the chilling inscription: "In Iowa with Gephhardt." Even masochism has its limits; no sane man would choose to relive the Iowa caucuses. The long-feared existential crisis was at hand; I would have to buy a new desk diary.

Only the young and the supremely self-confident could view such a task with equanimity. For as Michael Korda sagely observed in one of his treatises on modern success, "Desks can tell us a great deal about people's power quotient." Another year shackled to a black vinyl Daily Planner would be the final indictment of the drab ordinariness of my workaday life. As my power quotient tumbled beneath even that of Michael Dukakis, gone would be those wistful dreams of a corner office and secretaries heralding my daily arrival with eager chirps of "Good morning, Mr. Shapiro."

Even if it were bound in rich Corinthian leather with a silken page marker, my Daily Planner would still not be able to transcend its plebeian origins. All through 1988, I fell behind in the race to the top because my desk diary lacked the fat glossary of practical information that people like Michael Korda take for granted. It is galling to admit that I have at my fingertips neither the international dialing code for Abu Dhabi nor an up-to-date list of bank holidays in Kuala Lumpur. Even worse, I am forced to rise from my swivel chair and wander down the hall each time I need the name of the concierge at the Hôtel George V in Paris. In contrast, about the only power tool my Daily Planner offers is a page of metric equivalents. Unfortunately, the last time I needed a metric crib sheet, I was standing on a bathroom scale in Italy after a huge dinner, trying to convince myself that pounds and kilograms are almost equal.

My black vinyl stigma of inferiority would, of course, vanish instantly with the purchase of the right upscale desk accessory. These days, given the vast array of choices, selecting a personal diary has become a bold and precarious act of self-definition. It is fine for Gail Sheehy in *Passages* to decree that "somewhere between 35 and 45 if we let ourselves, most of us will have a full-out authenticity crisis." Sure, I

know it is about time for me to decide who I really am and where I fit in the cosmos. But do I really have to grapple with these conundrums now, before I go to lunch on Jan. 4?

In a sense, psychic salvation is just an elevator ride away. In the lobby of the Time & Life Building, I can obtain an impressive desktop planner offered by our sister publication FORTUNE magazine. But I just could not imagine treating the appointment book's appendices, filled with FORTUNE 500 listings, as a persona breviary. Let others run with the bulls and the bears; the symbol of my investment strategy has always been the Cowardly Lion. To me, a term like "covering a short position" refers to St. Louis Cardinal infielder Ozzie Smith.

Luckily, my options did not stop at the lobby's edge. Virtually every magazine seems to be in the business of helping its readers mark the inexorable passage of time until their subscriptions are up for renewal. For example, I quickly

skipped over a promotion for the *Newsweek* Pocket Diary that bills itself as "the perfect corporate gift." Not in every corporation, it isn't.

An infinitely more prudent alternative appeared to be the 1989 *New Yorker* Diary. The ad promises that its "50 all-time classic" cartoons will "start each day with a smile." But such an enforced daily dose of risibility struck me as being a little like wearing a lampshade at a party while completely sober. *Esquire* is another competitor in this smile-button sweepstakes. Its diary boasts cartoons and ads drawn from the magazine's issues of 1939. Not, however, exactly the

world's most fun year. Somehow the memory of Nazi troops pouring into Poland might mar my enjoyment of next Sept. 1. Others might be attracted by the international status that instantly accompanies ownership of the *Economist* Desk Diary. But then, others in their youth went to England as Rhodes scholars; I had to pick up my Anglophilia during a three-day theater tour of London.

By now, I was a man possessed as I wandered the streets of midtown Manhattan questing after the appointment book that best reflected my station in life. I was briefly tempted by a Filofax until I remembered that all I needed was a datebook, not a new religion. And the Weight Watchers calendar just did not seem right for inscribing lunch engagements.

In the midst of this full-fledged identity crisis, I stumbled upon an old-fashioned, comfortable jumble of a stationery store, sort of the office-supply version of the Homescick Restaurant. In the window was a hand-lettered sign promising 20% OFF ON 1989 CALENDARS. My epiphany came as I discovered that the 1989 black vinyl Daily Planner had been marked down to \$5.06. Suddenly, just as Gail Sheehy promised, I at last understood my precise position in the Great Chain of Being. As soon as I got back to my office, I eagerly scrawled in my new datebook my sole New Year's resolution for 1989: "Memorize that table of metric equivalents." ■



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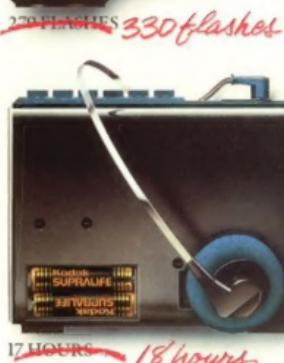
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